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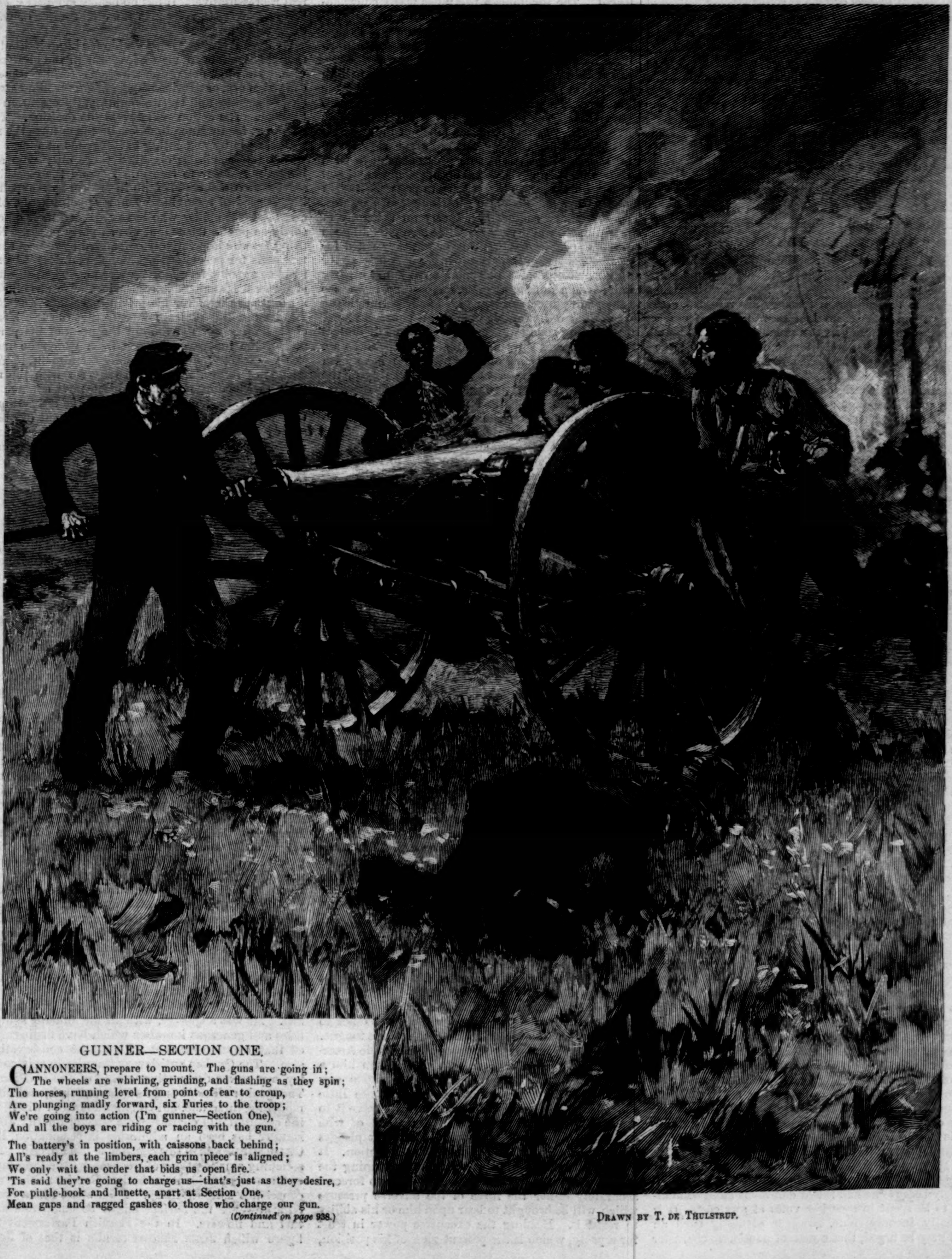

DRAWN BY T. DE THULSTRUP.

GUNNER—SECTION ONE.

CANNONEERS, prepare to mount. The guns are going in;
  The wheels are whirling, grinding, and flashing as they spin;
The horses, running level from point of ear to croup,
Are plunging madly forward, six Furies to the troop;
We're going into action (I'm gunner—Section One),
And all the boys are riding or racing with the gun.

The battery's in position, with caissons back behind;
All's ready at the limbers, each grim piece is aligned;
We only wait the order that bids us open fire.
'Tis said they're going to charge us—that's just as they desire,
For pintle-hook and lunette, apart at Section One,
Mean gaps and ragged gashes to those who charge our gun.

(Continued on page 938.)

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

New York, December 8, 1888.

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"BOODLE" AND THE CABINET.

MR. FILLEY, an old Republican politician in Missouri, guesses that the Presidential campaign cost the two parties $6,000,000. Enormous individual gifts to the campaign treasury are reported, and among them one of no less than $50,000 from a man who raised five times as much from his friends. Senator Stanford, of California, is alleged to have given an unprecedented sum, and the practice is such that the story is believed. The New York *Mail and Express*, a comic-religious or religious-comic newspaper, complains that a sum of $150,000, given for what it calls, with characteristic humor, "legitimate expenses," was not used for that purpose, but was presumably pocketed by the wicked agent or agents. The letter of Dudley, the treasurer of the Republican Committee, published in the Indianapolis *Sentinel*, gave detailed directions for buying votes in Indiana. Mr. Dabney, of the Indiana University, at Bloomington, describes from observation the corralling and "voting" of the "floaters" in that town; and the chairman of the Spencer County Committee, in Indiana, also details the method by which the vote was made sure and paid for. It is tolerably clear that the electoral vote of one State at least was bought, and that the fraud upon the ballot was as great in Indiana as that alleged in some Southern States. The chairman of the Republican Committee, to whom the credit of carrying the election is largely ascribed, is known to the country solely as a former State officer in Pennsylvania, who used his power to save from the penitentiary men who confessed that they had tried to corrupt members of the Legislature. Of this transaction the New York *Tribune* said that "a more insolent defiance of public sentiment has not been seen since Tweed asked the tax-payers of New York what they were going to do about it," and the Philadelphia *Press* said that "he connived at crime by setting the criminals free in defiance of the Constitution and the laws."

The important moral of all this venality is not that one party is worse than the other. If the Republicans bought the electoral vote of Indiana, nobody doubts that the Democrats would have bought it if they had had the money. Buying votes is not a novelty. But the immense and often decisive part which money plays in our elections disgraces our institutions and the national name, and threatens the government itself. The rapid and general spread of this venal practice is shown by nothing more offensively than by the report, which is not dismissed as ridiculous, and which now assigns some of the highest offices in the government under the new administration to men whose public services consist either in mere mercenary intrigue or in raising enormous sums of money for such uses as the published letter of Dudley indicates. If, after the notorious misuse of money in the late election, the administration which benefited by it should call to public trusts those whose sole claim consists in raising money to buy votes, the fact would be so startling as to make the use of money in elections the chief public question. It is inconceivable that under the administration of John Quincy Adams, or his father, or of Jefferson, or Madison, or Abraham Lincoln, any man should have been thought a possible member of the cabinet solely because he had raised enormous sums of money to be spent in securing votes at any cost. It is equally inconceivable, however earnestly such an act may be urged, that a man of honorable character and of a just sense of public duty and of self-respect, such as General Harrison is universally held to be, should bring upon his administration and upon the country so deep a disgrace. Yet there is no doubt that an effort will be made to persuade him, and its significance should be fully exposed. A President with the due regard for the character of his office which General Harrison undoubtedly entertains is naturally expected to select for his counsellors only men who are known to be especially fitted for the public service by experience and training, who are acknowledged leaders of the party whose principles have been approved by the country, and who are personally agreeable to himself. Merely whimsical selections, like that of Mr. Borie for the Navy by President Grant, are universally felt to be singularly unwise; not that the gentlemen may not be honorable men or prove to be efficient officers, but because they should be publicly known to be so when appointed. The Republican party has many conspicuous leaders whose names and careers and public ability are generally known, and from whom the selection of a cabinet would be naturally and satisfactorily made.

The reasons against the appointment of men to high office because they gave or raised money liberally are equally valid against the selection of those who are known merely as managing and tricky politicians. The Republican party contains much of the superior intelligence of the country, and nothing except a practical sale of places could be a grosser insult to such intelligence than the bestowal of conspicuous national office upon those who excel only in petty politics, in pulling wires and arranging intrigues and bargains. The President's cabinet is properly an assembly of counsellors in whose representative character all good citizens are interested, whether or not they voted for the President who selects them. Incompetency or any kind of unfitness for such a trust is not a party affair; it is a national shame. Moreover, resistance to the plain plutocratic tendency of our politics is the urgent duty of honorable men of all political views. Unprotesting acquiescence in government by dollars would be a sure sign of national decay. There are hosts of Republicans, undoubtedly, who have been humiliated by the revelations of the venality of the late election, by the assertion of the probable appointment of boodle agents to high office, and by the demand of Republican Senators and a part of the Republican press for a root-and-branch spoils policy. Their views are part of the public sentiment, irrespective of party, which demands that the chief official representatives of the national administration shall be always men of whom no citizen of any party need be ashamed. We have known an American minister abroad who, half dressed and drunk, harangued a street crowd in one of the great capitals of Europe. We have seen in another great capital an American minister drunk and hanging his legs out of his carriage as he drove through the streets, amid the derision of the people. We repeat that it was not a party affair; it was a national disgrace; and such would be the elevation of a man to the cabinet notoriously because he supplied money in the campaign.

A GOOD SIGN.

ONE of the good signs of the times is the prompt and emphatic manner in which an influential part of the Republican press has insisted that the pledges of the Republican platform in regard to reform in the civil service shall be fulfilled. Senators Ingalls and Farwell, indeed, with Chairman Quay and Treasurer Dudley, naturally take the reactionary view, and agree with the Democratic spoils organs that every Democrat in the service ought to be kicked out if he does not go out voluntarily. But the more intelligent Republican journals condemn distinctly the policy of a clean sweep, and it is fair to assume that the adoption of such a policy would be rebuked by them. The general treatment of the subject and the forcible tone of the discussion show the folly of the eager declaration of reactionary newspapers just after the election, that we had heard the last of civil service reform. That is the kind of nonsense which appeared constantly during the antislavery discussion of the last generation. When intelligent Americans are once deeply interested in a reform, we hear the last of it only when it is accomplished.

General Harrison has already shown that he possesses one admirable quality for the great office to which he has been elected. He can hold his tongue. The combined interviewing force of the whole American press has not been able to extort from him a word in regard to his prospective policy upon any subject. It is evident that he will promise little about his official course, and that he will leave it to interpret itself. That this is the method of wise statesmanship no one will deny. The best pledges are not given by the tongue or pen, but by action. It is impossible for a man who is about assuming the responsibility of the chief executive office to forecast accurately either the force of the adverse pressure which will be brought to bear upon him or his ability to resist it. Holding the executive power in trust for a party, which is the present view of his position, the question for the President is just how to determine what the party really demands. Do Senators Edmunds and Hoar, or Senators Farwell and Ingalls, speak for the party? Are Messrs. Quay and Dudley its true interpreters, or Messrs. Long and Medill? Do the papers that scream for spoils, or the Republican platform, rightfully speak for it? These are questions which nothing can answer but the President's own intelligence, and the answer that he gives will be an unerring test of his statesmanship and power of leadership. The New York *World* says that the capital error of President Cleveland lay in supposing himself to be stronger than his party, and that the election proved absolutely that the party was stronger than the President. Whatever the President's view may have been, there is no doubt that the seriousness of the Democratic defeat lies in the fact that throughout his administration Mr. Cleveland's party has shown that he was not its real representative. It has no hearty sympathy, as a party, either with reform in the civil service or with tariff reform.

General Harrison must decide for himself what is the real Republican view of reform in the civil service. He must determine whether reform is a mere campaign cry, or a serious purpose like the non-extension of slavery and the unconditional prosecution of the war. His action will reveal his decision. The sole way, for instance, in which he can enforce the reform law is by appointing to the heads of offices in which the service is classified those only who are honestly friendly to reform. Beyond the classified service he can show his faith in reform by reappointing, instead of removing by new appointments, officers of signal ability who have regarded their offices solely as public trusts and not as party prizes. Nothing is more imperatively demanded by reform than removals for pernicious partisanship, unless it be refusal to appoint for the same reason. The reticence of General Harrison is reassuring. He has chosen a newspaper man for his private secretary, and Mr. Halford will doubtless take care that the President-elect shall know the tone of the press of his party and of the independent press, from which he may justly expect the most candid treatment. The friends of reform meanwhile may see with the utmost satisfaction that no subject now commands more general attention. Instead of the old assumption that every Democrat will be swept out of office simply because he is a Democrat, the inquiry is universal whether unquestionable honesty, efficiency, and political propriety of conduct may not prove to be a good tenure. This fact alone marks the sure progress of the reform sentiment.

JOHN BRIGHT.

THE illness of John Bright has been watched with peculiar interest in America, for, since Edmund Burke argued with matchless magnificence of eloquence against the British policy in the Revolution, no English statesman has been held in such affectionate regard in this country as John Bright. At the close of our civil war, during which, like Atlas upholding the mountain, he had maintained our cause with a force which, speaking for the great labor interest in England, held British secession sympathy harmless, if he had come to this country he would have been welcomed like Lafayette forty years before. In the darkest hours of the war, at Birmingham, against his colleague Mr. Scholefield, in Lancaster and the great manufacturing districts where, despite wide suffering, the sympathy of the working population held fast to the cause of free labor, Mr. Bright, undaunted, made his most powerful appeals, resting them mainly upon the moral aspects of the question, and showing it to be essentially one of human rights. He accused the British government of neglecting the encouragement of the Indian cotton supply, which would have provided for the emergency, and as a remedial measure for suffering workmen he proposed to except Indian cotton lands from taxation for five years. He attacked with the utmost vigor. He argued with consummate ingenuity. His massive frame, his solid force, his powerful eloquence, symbolized to the eye and ear his sturdy honesty. Once more, as in the corn-law agitation, the great occasion revealed the great orator, and gave us in America an endless interest in his fame.

John Bright was always liberal rather than radical. He was a Quaker, with all the humane sympathies and generous impulses which have distinguished that communion, but with all its conservatism also. The Quaker antislavery impulse in this country was never destructive, except of the evil itself. The Quaker element and tradition, as such, are sober, moderate, inflexible, but conscientious and wise. Of the essential and characteristic Quaker quality John Bright has been an admirable impersonation, like Charles Sumner in this country of the Puritan. The softening ameliorations of the type by the long lapse of time were evident in both. But in neither was conscience softened away. Each stood like a rocky cliff, however the surface might be enamelled with turf and flowers. In the English Parliament the figure which John Bright recalls is that of John

Pym. Between the two there was no third of the same precise quality, that of the simple moral sentiment which yields everything but the conviction of right and duty. The English-speaking race is the race of political genius and of the progressive institutions in which liberty has been embodied and made practicable and available for mankind. As Mill points out, it is not politically a logical race, and the virtue of compromise has never been so truly comprehended and applied as by Englishmen and their descendants. This political genius has found no greater expounder, and it might be said truly no greater poet, than Edmund Burke. But nothing that he said in interpreting and illustrating it is in itself truer of that genius and character than his remark that all government is founded upon compromise and barter, "but in all fair dealing the thing bought must bear some proportion to the purchase paid. None will barter away the immediate jewel of the soul." This was the strength of John Pym and of John Bright, and it is the secret of the steady, progressive development of English liberty.

Undoubtedly since our civil war, and especially during the partisan servility to the Irish voting interest in this country, the American feeling for John Bright has become less warm. But his course has been characteristic. No English statesman has felt or expressed sincerer sympathy with the Irish situation, and no one has devised more definite measures of relief. But his loyalty to the empire has been always firm and unhesitating, and a policy which seems to him to diminish the imperial power of Parliament and to involve probable separation is a policy which he has opposed even to the severance of his friendship with Gladstone. His years and some abatement of his natural force have prevented him from holding the prominent place in the Irish controversy which he held in the corn-law agitation and the American contest. The difference between the two Liberal leaders has clouded Bright's later days, and sickness and bereavement have deepened the pain. But it is the great orator of the people, the orator of political justice and equal rights, whom History will remember. In 1862 the French historian Louis Blanc, then living in England, sent to a Paris journal this vivid portrait of John Bright in his prime:

> "A sonorous voice, flashing eyes, a flow of words that gushes forth like a torrent, and the ardor of an indomitable conviction—this is what constitutes the talent of Mr. Bright. He is aggressive, vehement, intrepid—intrepid to a fault. Looking at the air with which he attacks the aristocracy in the classic land of aristocracy, one feels that he is one of those great wrestlers who require great obstacles and great adversaries. Looking at the air with which he braves public opinion in a country where the despotism of public opinion forms the counterpoise to liberty, one feels that he believes himself capable of mastering the people while in the very act of arming them against himself. In the midst of the patriotic enthusiasm excited by the battles of the Alma and Inkerman he was to be heard thundering against the Crimean war, and calling it a blood-stained folly. At the height of the irritation produced by the affair of the *Trent* he was to be heard extolling the republic of the United States, proposing it to the world as a model, and rushing forward with a sort of savage pride to affront the reproach of not having an English heart. At once austere and violent, Mr. Bright is half a Quaker, half a tribune. Beneath every one of the figures employed by his eloquence, always substantial, though always animated, passion was heard growling. Statistics are brandished by him as a club would be by a muscular arm. When he recommends peace at any price he does it in words that seem to sound the charge. In Rome he would have been the man of the Forum; in England he is, before all, the man of the hustings. But for that very reason he is ill at ease in the House of Commons, where a portion of his strength sometimes abandons him, and the atmosphere of which is evidently unsuited to his stormy eloquence."

Yet whether in the House of Commons or upon the popular platform, the England of this generation has seen no nobler figure than John Bright.

A GOOD PRECEDENT.

If the precedent just set by the French Chamber of Deputies should be generally applied in all similar or corresponding cases by legislative assemblies, the result would be excellent. M. Wilson, the son-in-law of ex-President Grévy, was implicated in corrupt proceedings, which produced great scandal and led to the resignation of his father-in-law. But Wilson still remained a member of the Chamber, although he did not attend the meetings. The other day, however, he appeared in the Chamber, and after the transaction of some formal business, a member, remarking upon Wilson's presence, proposed to suspend the sitting for an hour, adding that the Chamber would understand the reason.

Another member thought that the Chamber should adjourn, but the original motion was carried by the significant vote of 335 to 30. Upon resuming the session a third member remarked that as the Chamber had plainly indicated its feeling, he moved to proceed with business, upon which M. Wilson withdrew. If this procedure should be adopted in the case of notorious black sheep in all legislative bodies, the effect would be most salutary. It need not be necessary that they should have been indicted and tried in a court. It would be quite enough if they were known to be of such character, so receptive of bribes, for instance, or devoted to illicit operations of any kind, as to be unfit for the society of gentlemen.

In the Legislatures of certain States there are members pointed out as purchasable, or as the known recipients of money for their votes, or as the paid agents of corporations and companies. It is not always easy to produce evidence that would satisfy the legal requirements, even when the moral certainty is complete. Upon the entrance of a member so tainted, the attention of the Chamber might be called to certain notorious transactions within the knowledge of members and universally believed. The presence of certain persons obtruding this scandal upon the Chamber, a motion to suspend the sitting might be offered. The overwhelming rebuke of its adoption could not fail of a highly purifying effect in the halls of legislation. It seems that they order this matter better in France.

THE SLATER MUSEUM.

The devotion of great private wealth to great public uses has become so characteristically American that the possession of a large fortune is becoming associated with a sense of high public duty. The recent announcement of an enormous gift by Mr. Williamson, of Philadelphia, to found a school of mechanical instruction was made simultaneously with the opening in Norwich, Connecticut, of the Slater Museum, the gift of William A. Slater to the Norwich Academy, in memory of his father, John F. Slater, who gave a million of dollars toward the education of the freedmen in the Southern States. As Professor Norton said in his address at the opening, happy the town which counts among its citizens such a father and such a son.

After careful consultation and consideration, Mr. Slater decided that his gift should take the form of a museum of the fine arts, both ancient and modern, and that the collection should consist of reproductions of the most famous works which are susceptible of reproduction. Mr. Edward Robinson, Curator of Sculptures in the Boston Museum of Fine Arts, was one of Mr. Slater's chief counsellors, and he went to Europe with full powers and means for accomplishing the work, and the Slater Museum opens with a collection of reproductions of the most renowned statues, vases, friezes, busts, and sculptures of every kind which for its extent is among the finest in the world.

The opening exercises were very interesting. A large company assembled, a special train bringing Professor Norton and a party from Boston. The day was fine. The hospitality of Mr. Slater was most generous, and the surprise and pleasure in the Museum universal. Professor Norton was, of all men in the country, especially the orator for such an occasion, and his discourse was a beautiful, earnest, and profound plea for the ministry of beauty in American life, full of the graces of scholarship and of literary charm. It was followed by an address by President Gilman, of the Johns Hopkins University, a son of Connecticut, who expressed eloquently and admirably the natural pride and pleasure at so noble a gift; while the remarks of Principal Keep, of the Academy, fitly acknowledged its appreciative gratitude. The work of the building itself is tasteful and appropriate, and an instructor in the fine arts will be added to the corps of teachers in the Academy.

MERE MUGWUMPERY.

There is nothing new in the revelations about John J. O'Brien and his business transactions at the polls. Everything that he did at the last election he has been long doing, and his conduct has been perfectly well known to the gentlemen who now make an uproar about it and resolve that it must be stopped. Nor is O'Brien the only sinner. The bargains and corruptions of the district leaders and captains are notorious. They have never been doubted or denied, and they have been deliberately winked at by respectable Republicans as the necessary fighting of the devil with fire.

When somebody has asked whether a party of great moral ideas ought to wink at the most flagrant swindling, there has been a good-humored shrug of respectable shoulders and an upward cast of respectable eyes. When somebody has suggested that honesty and decency might be practicable even in American politics if they could only be allowed a chance, there has been a great deal of flouting at the politics of the moon. But when somebody has decided that regular nominations made by dishonest means were not binding, the party bell, book, and candle have been brought to bear upon the abominable mugwumpian heresy.

If the indignant activity which is now invoked against O'Brien had been earlier directed against what may be called O'Brienism in the party, various mischances, including the defeat of 1884, would have been avoided. The demand for the punishment of O'Brien and his expulsion from the party is simply a demand for honest politics. It is equally a demand for the expulsion of Dudley and his Indiana scheme of buying floaters. The two schemes, indeed, are not the same. O'Brien sells out the party nominations for his own advantage; Dudley sells out the party honor for the party advantage. But corruption is the essence of both, and a demand that politics be fair and square, and that votes represent the will of the voter and not the amount of his bribe, is mere sentimentality and mugwumpery.

A DISCREET LETTER.

General Harrison's letter to the editor of the Greenville *Daily News*, in South Carolina, is an interesting illustration of discretion and suggestion. It is exceedingly adroit, for while it properly reveals no policy, its tone is friendly, and it suggests that there are business and industrial interests in the Southern States which should bring them naturally to favor legislation which is no less agreeable to interests in other States, and that combined action upon them would lead to the settlement of questions of another kind.

This means that the "New South" is as much interested in a protective tariff as the Northern manufacturer, and it opens a glimpse of a probable Republican policy, of which Senator Allison's remark to a reporter of the *Herald* at Indianapolis, upon his late visit to General Harrison, may be held to be the key. When asked about the "Southern policy" of the new administration, Senator Allison replied, "I can only speak for myself, but I will not advocate or support any other except a perfectly peaceful and kindly policy." It is not improbable that the general Republican scheme will include the admission of new Republican States, and the increase of Republican strength in the Southern States by the strict suppression of "the bloody shirt" and the attraction of protection. Senator Allison's anticipation of prompt Republican dealing with the surplus, if justified, would be a very valuable addition to this policy, for with the revenue reduced to the neighborhood of the annual expenses, if accomplished without plain extravagance, the Republican financial position would be practically strong.

This is the letter of General Harrison:

"Indianapolis, Indiana, *November* 14, 1888.

"*To A. B. Williams, Esq., Greenville, South Carolina:*

"My dear Sir,—Your letter of November 10th has been received. I am not ready to make any public utterances upon any public questions. Every day I am solicited by special correspondents of the press to speak upon this subject or that, but I have invariably declined, and to your appeal for some expression upon the question that interests you I must for the present make the same answer. I understand that you have yourself been satisfied with the expressions made by me in my public utterances to visiting delegations during the campaign.

"When the surprise and disappointment which some of your people have felt over the result has passed away, and they give some calm thought to the situation, I think they will be as much surprised as I am that they should, in thought or speech, impute to me unfriendliness toward the South.

"The policies in legislation advised by the Republican party I believe are wholesome for the whole country, and if those who in their hearts believe with us upon these questions would act with us, some other questions that give you local concern would settle themselves.
Very truly yours,
"Benjamin Harrison."

A CORRECTION.

An error in a current news item, transferred to our Personal column by an oversight which we greatly regret, caused us to attribute to "Lieutenant-Colonel J. W. Forsyth, of the Tenth Cavalry," the recent sentence of dismissal by court-martial which the President modified. The officer meant, of course, was Lieutenant-Colonel G. A. Forsyth, Fourth Cavalry, and not Brevet Brigadier-General James W. Forsyth, Colonel commanding the Seventh Cavalry. The latter distinguished officer was never court-martialled, and has had no stain whatever on his illustrious record. Graduating from the Military Academy in 1856, he was Lieutenant-Colonel, Brigadier-General, and Chief of Staff for General Sheridan from 1863 to July, 1865, and remained on that officer's staff until 1878, when he left it to take command of the First Cavalry, of which, by promotion, he had been appointed Lieutenant-Colonel. At General Sheridan's request he rejoined him in the winter of 1880-1, and was Inspector-General of Cavalry for the Division of the Missouri until General Sheridan was called to Washington by the retirement of General Sherman. General Sheridan and General Forsyth were intimate personal friends for years, dating from West Point days, and General Forsyth was the only staff-officer who accompanied General Sheridan to Europe in 1870 and 1871.

To all familiar with the distinguished thirty-two years' service of General James W. Forsyth in the regular army it was of course known that he was not the officer alluded to in the paragraph just spoken of. We hasten, however, to make this correction, and do so the more gladly since we have reason to know that the friendly disposition of the Weekly toward all that concerns either the army or the navy is equalled only by the welcome steadily accorded to it by all ranks of both services.

PERSONAL.

It would seem that Mr. Howells in his new novel, *Annie Kilburn*, had drawn his characters with such fidelity to nature that they are beginning to come to life. He has already received letters from people bearing the names of Annie Kilburn, Rev. Mr. Peck, and Mrs. Munger.

—Dr. Patton is another Dr. McCosh as far as the power of attracting students to Princeton is concerned. During the last three years of Dr. McCosh's administration the total number of students in the university increased at the rate of over fifty a year. This year the increase is over sixty.

—Emin Pasha, whose name is so prominently associated with exploration and conquest about the head waters of the Nile, was, twenty-five years ago, a young German surgeon, of delicate physique and shy manners, by the name of Edward Schnitzer. Having a taste for travel and the study of natural history, he went to Turkey and became attached to the staff of Ismail Hakka Pasha. Later he entered the Egyptian service, taking the name of Emin, "the faithful one," and in after-years he proved an invaluable assistant to General Gordon in the latter's struggle for the conquest of the tribes bordering on the Nile.

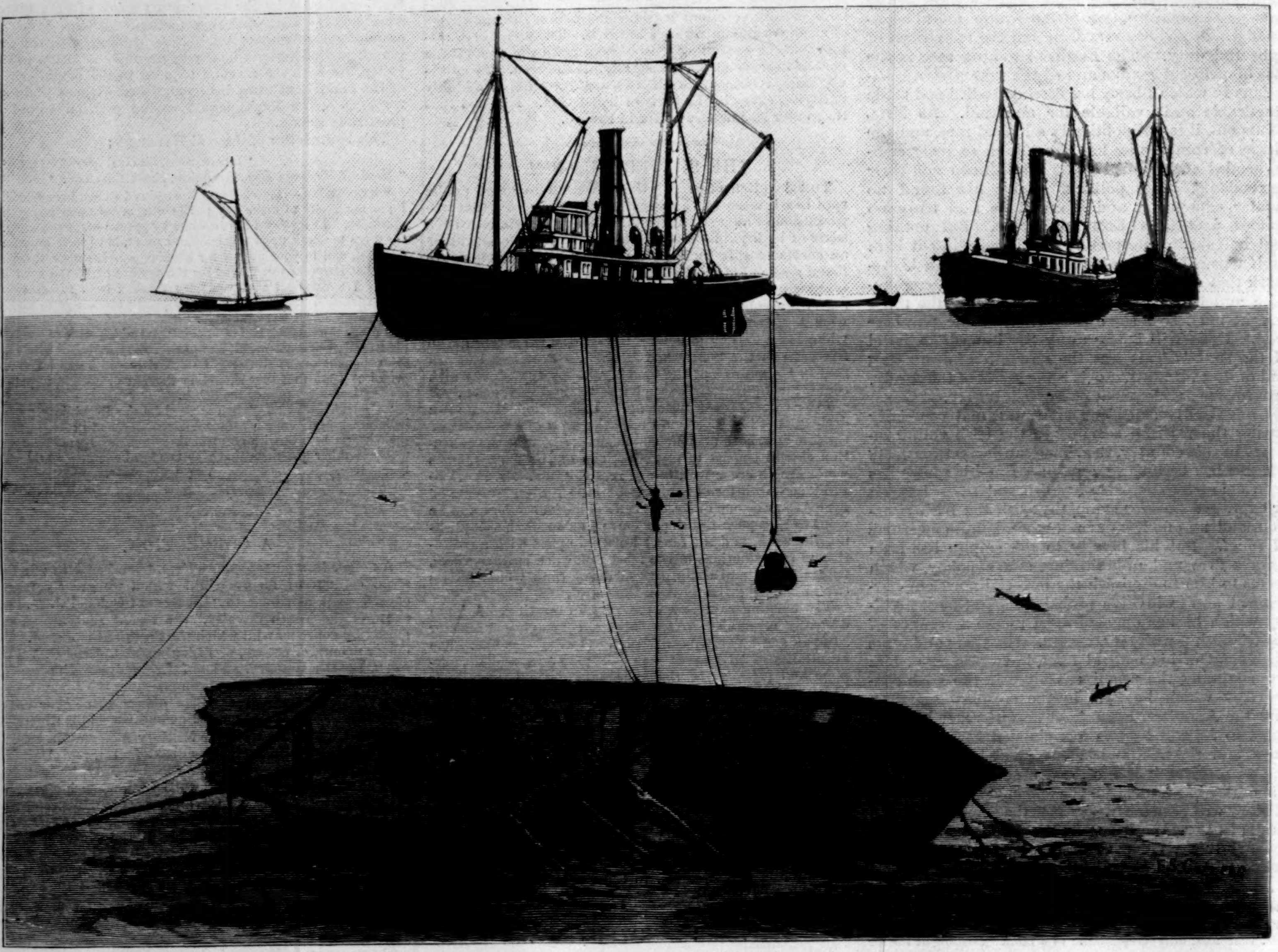
—General Harrison is said to be the first member of a college Greek letter secret society to be elected to the Presidency. He belonged to Phi Delta Theta at Miami University. President Garfield joined Delta Upsilon, an anti-secret society, at Williams College, and Chester A. Arthur, who succeeded to the Presidency after General Garfield's death, was a Psi Upsilon man at Union.

—The twelfth anniversary of Francis Murphy's début as an apostle of temperance has just been observed at Pittsburgh, and among those who sent letters of congratulation were Canon Wilberforce and Rev. Mr. Spurgeon, of England. Through Mr. Murphy's efforts fourteen million persons have signed the pledge.

—P. T. Barnum has finally retired from the show business, after amassing a fortune of $10,000,000. He has also made his will, and taken precautions against future contests by including among the witnesses two leading Bridgeport (Connecticut) physicians, who certify that he is in his right mind.

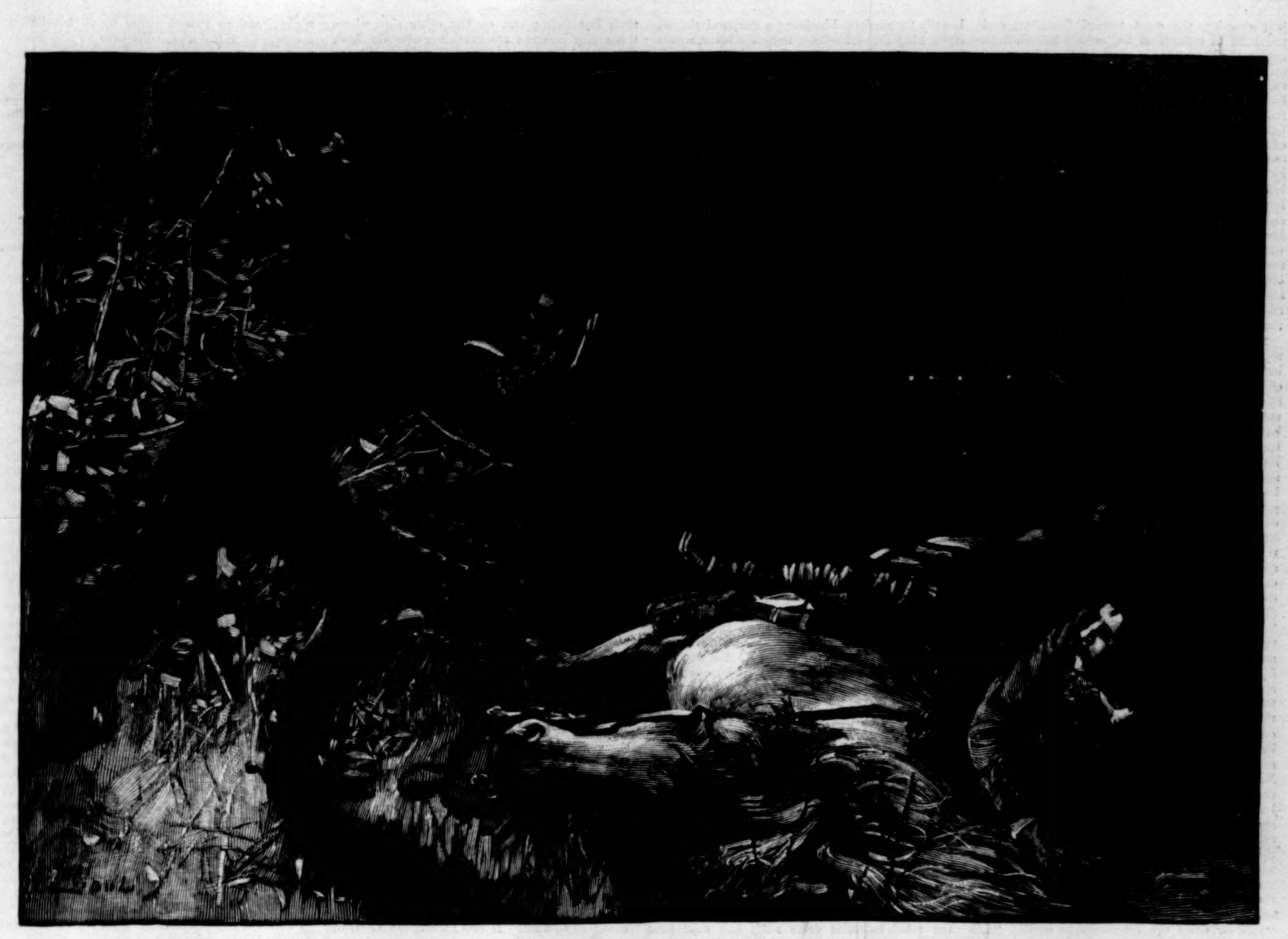
—Robert G. Hardie, the young New York artist, who was recently married to a daughter of Senator Cullom at Springfield, Illinois, spent much of his boyhood at Brattleborough, Vermont, where he frequently amused the villagers by excellent cartoons of public men, which he drew with chalk or crayons on the sidewalks.

—Like President Cleveland, General Harrison will have a newspaper man for his private secretary in the White House. Elijah W. Halford, who is to succeed Colonel Daniel Lamont, was born in England, but came to this country when a child. He worked his way up from compositor to managing editor of the Indianapolis *Journal*, and for a time managed the Chicago *Inter-Ocean* with indifferent success. He was a delegate to the Chicago Convention, vied with John C. New in booming Harrison for the Presidency, and helped to write the platform. He is a Methodist lay preacher, wears glasses, and dresses like a country editor. His manners are affable and courteous, and he possesses the industry, energy, and discretion needed in his new position.



WRECKERS AT WORK ON THE SUNKEN STEAMER "IBERIA."—Drawn by F. S. Cozzens.—[See Page 935.]

TOWING A VESSEL THROUGH AN OFF-SHORE BLIZZARD.—Drawn by J. O. Davidson.—[See Page 935.]



"LIEUTENANT KEARNY HAS LEAPED FROM HIS STEED AND IS STANDING OVER HIM."—DRAWN BY GILBERT GAUL.

BETWEEN THE LINES.*

BY CAPTAIN CHARLES KING, U.S.A., AUTHOR OF "A WAR-TIME WOOING."

III.

LATE that August afternoon Lieutenant Kearny, with an officer of McDowell's staff, was seated in the shade by the Warrenton pike, their horses being held a little distance away by the aide-de-camp's orderly. A singular hush had fallen upon the scene. The broad thoroughfare was almost deserted; the clouds of dust had settled back to earth, powdering the beautiful foliage as they fell; the birds were twittering and piping among the leaves, and in the enclosure just to the west of them—the garden of a Virginia homestead—three or four hound puppies were chasing each other through the long grass and romping about the neglected flower beds, while their mother, lolling on the broad wooden piazza at the head of the flight of steps, watched them with an expression of benevolent interest that was barely proof against an overpowering sense of drowsiness. Some bees were droning about the rose bushes close at hand, and adding to the somnolent effect of the late afternoon sunshine; the air was still, and not a leaf rustled in the tree-tops. Far off to the west, toward Thoro'fare, a dull booming of distant guns could be heard from time to time. McDowell had sent a whole division of infantry to support the cavalry in barring Longstreet, while he, with his other division, after marching through Gainesville and up the pike a mile or so, had turned off into the wood roads leading toward Manassas Junction, where, at last accounts, Jackson was supposed to be.

It was just at the point where this road left the pike and meandered away through the trees that the staff-officer and Lieutenant Kearny had dismounted and were resting. The general had ordered the former to remain there to direct any stray bodies of troops that might be coming up from the southwest, and to receive reports or messages coming from the Gap. To the latter he had given instructions to wait for orders—he would probably have some word to send to General Buford. Together, therefore, the two had ridden with the corps and division commanders until they reached the fork of the roads, and then had watched the fine division, with its four full brigades, as it tramped in solid column into the winding forest aisles. Then Kearny threw himself on the turf at the foot of a tree, and with his saddle blanket for a pillow, went sound asleep, and was oblivious of all surrounding objects for three or four hours. He was aroused by a lively conversation between the staff-officer and some one who had just arrived from the west. He heard his comrade say, "You had better ride right on toward Manassas. Follow this wood road and you'll find the general ahead there somewhere. He ought to know this at once."

"What's the news?" asked Kearny, sitting up and rubbing his eyes.

"Buford and Ricketts are falling back from Thoro'fare. The Rebs have pushed a column through a gap farther to the north, and flanked them."

"That must be Hopewell Gap, where I was this morning. What time is it now?"

"Nearly five, and you've had quite a nap of it. It's the quietest day and the most peaceful neighborhood I've seen in a month. Not a sound of war except that dull booming off at Thoro'fare. What *can* our people be doing around Manassas, do you suppose? Surely it is time we heard of Jackson."

"I can't imagine," said Kearny, sitting up, and brushing off the dust with the cuff of his gauntlet. "One might suppose we were on a summer picnic. Have no orders come for me?"

"Nothing—nor for me. The trains are back at Gainesville, but a lot of beef cattle were sent through here two hours ago. McDowell halted the division in there on the Manassas road, and they have stacked arms and gone to cooking. A division aide brought me word that McDowell had gone on to find General Pope, and that we were to accompany the division when it moved. But it's still there. The rear brigade isn't more than half a mile from us, so I decided to stay here. I sent the horses down to water an hour ago, and got a feed for them. Aren't you hungry?"

"Not just now. Where would we get supper if I were?"

"In the woods with the division. I know everybody at headquarters, and they would gladly welcome you. Here comes one of them now. What is it, captain?" he asked, as an officer came riding hastily toward them.

"Orders just come from General McDowell. The division is to get back on the pike at once and march to Centreville. They say Reno and Kearny have driven Jackson up there, and that we've got him this time—sure. Hatch's brigade is just filing out on the pike now, up at Pageland lane, just east of here—you can see them from the rise yonder—and Gibbon's follows. Good-by. I must hurry back to the general."

In a moment Kearny and his friend were in saddle and trotting eastward up the pike. At the crest of the "rise" just referred to they came in sight of a sweep of road leading straight away through a slight depression and over another crest a mile distant. Over this second ridge the head of a long, compact, blue column was trudging, the setting sun throwing heavy shadows across them where the trees hung close to the roadway on the northern side, and flashing from the barrels of their Springfields at every opening. Putting spurs to their horses and taking advantage of the little "dirt roads" that wound among the trees on the south side of the paved highway, the two officers speedily reached the head of column—the senior riding up to and entering into conversation with the brigade commander, the junior taking his place among a group of the staff in their rear. In this order they passed the division general and his staff, who had halted under the trees to watch the return of the brigades to the pike; in this order, too, they slowly ascended a gentle slope of the road, passing on their left a dense grove of large trees, and on their right a thick and impenetrable wilderness of forest growth and underbrush. Almost at the very crest the grove to their left abruptly ended, and there to the front opened out a broad and beautiful landscape. Far to the northeastward, the range of heights on which lay Centreville and Chantilly; midway, the beautiful, undulating valley through which wound the stream already so well known—Bull Run; half-way to the fringe of trees that marked the distant windings of the run, a road crossing the pike at right angles and disappearing among the forests a good two miles distant. Directly at the left hand, north of the pike and separated from it by the remains of a "snake" fence, an open undulating field, that rose very gently toward the north for two hundred yards, then sank in almost imperceptible slope into a long, hollow swale, and rose again in slope as gradual until it reached a line of forest spanning the fields from west to northeast a full mile away. Well over to the northeast the trees seemed to follow a mathematically regular curve around the crest of the slope, and Kearny could see the staff-officer pointing thereto and saying something about a railway embankment. Three hundred yards in front of the head of column was another little ridge over which the highway led, straight away as ever, then a long, gradual descent to a little clump of houses, where the cross-road and a brook seemed to intersect the pike at the same point. Beyond these and off to the south of the highway some heavily wooded and jagged heights, one of them shorn of timber on the crest; beyond these, a distant high plateau, where an old brick farm-house could be seen perched on the summit and surrounded by a garden and little patches of fruit trees. The general half turned in his saddle and pointed thither.

"Gentlemen, that is Groveton down there ahead of us, and off beyond is the battle-field of a year ago—Bull Run."

And now, how peaceful the scene! Over all that broad stretch of country not a warlike object was in view. Behind them, to be sure, came the dark, dense columns of the Union division, swinging steadily forward through the darkening highway. Out on those open fields all was one blaze of warm, mellow sunshine; not a moving, living object anywhere except the buzzing swarm of insects, or lazily flitting bird crossing from the grove to find his nest in the denser foliage to the south. Far to the rear a regimental band had suddenly struck up a joyous, spirited quickstep, and the men in the leading battalion began to chaff their musicians and urge them to "pitch in and blow those Western fellows out." Riding to one side, the brigade commander gazed eastward through his field-glasses.

"Odd!" said he, "I thought certainly we should see something of Sigel or Reynolds from here, but there is not even a dust cloud this side of Stone Bridge. It must be that they are all well over toward Centreville by this time, and that Jackson has been driven before them. Certainly there isn't a soul in sight hereabouts."

"General!" called the staff captain, suddenly. "Look off yonder; there's a battery!" and he pointed straight to the north—straight across the mile-wide undulation of open field to some dark objects that were faintly discernible at the edge of the forest. The general fixed his binocular upon them a moment, shook his head, and replied, "Only cattle," then rode forward again to the head of column. Kearny started to follow, but "Ramapo" suddenly lifted his off forefoot and refused to budge. Dismounting quickly, the lieutenant found that he had picked up a piece of stone and that the shoe was started. It took some little time to pry out the offending flint and to tack on the loosened shoe. When he remounted, the rear of the leading brigade was just crossing the crest toward Groveton, and the head of column of the second brigade toiling up the ascent in the shade of the deep grove on the northern side. Glancing across the fields to the north, he saw a sight that made his pulses bound. The "cattle" were moving slowly out from the shadows of the distant forest in marvellous and military order—six parallel columns of twos equidistant from each other, and coming out upon the slope with a red pennon fluttering by the side of the westernmost. Repressing his impulse to shout, he sat there on his horse silently pointing out his discovery to the chief of the second brigade, a tall, slender, wiry man, with keen steel-blue eyes and soldierly face—a man who took one quick glance at the distant objects and their long shadows on the sward, and exclaimed, "Coming 'in battery,' too! Ride back, and bring up the guns quick!" he ordered, and an aide-de-camp whirled about and dashed for the rear of column.

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Sheltered by the bank to its left, the leading regiment still trudged sturdily ahead, its gray-haired colonel sitting farmer fashion astride an easy-going old horse. He glanced inquiringly at the general as he passed, but the latter, up on the bank, was absorbed in watching the distant battery. A moment more and the head of column reached the top of the incline and came up level with the open fields. The glistening rifles showed above the low rail-fence, and at the same instant Lieutenant Kearny marked the distant guns whirling around with the precision of machinery, and then white jets of sulphur smoke belched forth from the opposite slope, and something came shrieking through the skies—several somethings—and before the report of the guns could reach them the woods rang with the sudden crash of bursting shells, and the air was filled with hurtling, whirring fragments of iron. "Ha-alt! Front! Load at will!—load!" came the shrill order from the old gray-headed soldier at the head of the leading regiment. Quick as his word, the sets of fours had stopped and sprung into line, facing to the left; down came the iron-shod gun butts with heavy thud upon the ground; swarthy, dust-begrimed faces peered out from under the visors with flashing eyes as hundreds of hands tore open the heavy boxes and raised the ready cartridges to the teeth. Not a word was spoken as eager hands poured the powder into the gleaming barrels; and then how the rammers flash in the stray gleams of sunlight and the bullets are rammed home! Some men's hands *must* tremble a little at such times; a few drop their percussion-caps, but those who are thoughtless enough to stoop and pick them from the dust become instant targets for the rebuke of the line of file closers. Bang! crash! go more shells bursting overhead, and whir-r-r-r come the fragments to earth. "Lie down—close to the bank!" is the next order, and in a moment the eye gazes along a perspective of dusty knapsacks and blankets. Bang! bang! again, closer overhead this time. "They're getting our range," whispers a young lieutenant to his captain. "Hi! here comes the battery!"

Up from the rear, with cracking whips and plunging steeds, cannoneers racing along beside the wheels, gun-carriages bounding over the rocky road-bed, old Battery "B" comes thundering into action, greeted with cheers by the regiments it dashes by. "This way! this way!" shouts a staff-officer, indicating a break through the rail-fence just at the crest, and there the leading gun whirls sharp to the left and goes trotting out into the open field; its caisson follows; then the next gun, and the next. "Forward into battery!" is the shouted order repeated down the column; the bugle blares its signal; the rearward teams go tugging obliquely out across the field; gun after gun gains its place upon its alignment with the blood-red guidon at the right, and long before the last one is in line the first section has opened fire and the assailing battery is answered by the resonant thunder of the "light twelve" pounders.

Meantime Kearny has galloped to the brigade commander, asking to be employed, and telling him almost in the same breath that it was across these very fields he saw cavalry moving early that morning.

"I know," replies the general. "Follow me, colonel," he calls to the commander of the second regiment in his column, halted directly in the shelter of the grove. "It's one of Stuart's cavalry batteries, and we'll nab it." Almost at double-quick the long column of eager faces and dusty blue uniforms plunges into a dark wood path that winds through the grove, following loyally the lead of their general. Louder grows the roar of the guns of the Union battery, fiercer is the shriek and crash of the Southern shells as their flight is lowered to suit the range. Four minutes' brisk jog-trot brings the general, with his little knot of staff-officers, to the northern edge of the grove, and then as they look eagerly toward the rebel guns across the lowland they are surprised to see another battery trotting out on the slopes east of the first one, and, starting up from the very bosom of the earth, springing like the warriors of Cadmus, from the sown dragon's teeth, there leap into view at sound of the bugle a long line of gray skirmishers not three hundred yards away. Far to the left and right they extend, covering the whole front of that opposite forest, stretching their hostile rank midway between the warring batteries, but sheltered from their fire by the hollow in which they had been so skilfully concealed. "Forward your men, colonel. Drive back those skirmishers," is the order, and the advancing regiment deploys the instant its leading files are clear of the wood. Forward they go, running into line; and 'tis full time for that slender rank of gray to fall back before these overwhelming numbers; but they do not budge. On the contrary, ping! ping! ring their rifles in obedience to a stirring peal; the color-bearer of the battalion wavers, then plunges heavily forward on his face; a corporal throws down his rifle, and seizing the color-lance, waves the standard high in air; then, with sudden simultaneous crash, a volley of flame, smoke, and hissing lead leaps from the very bosom of the ground not five hundred yards away; a whizzing hail of bullets over the heads of the skirmishers on the low ground tears its way through the long blue line, and here and there men fall heavily forward or limp painfully out of ranks, but never an inch does the battalion yield, though in that one instant it finds itself face to face with the line of battle of a whole brigade. Up from the earth it springs, barred battle-flags and all; one instant it halts to align its gallant ranks, then forward it comes to sweep the Yankee regiment out of existence. Still no order is given: the officers look anxiously around to know the reason why, and there lies their colonel, bleeding, among the weeds. The lieutenant-colonel runs to him, gives one quick look in his senseless face, then shouts, "Commence firing!" Crash go the rifles all at once—aimed full upon the advancing line. It halts, reels, staggers an instant; down from the forest edge sweeps a second brigade in support, out from behind the batteries comes a third, and in five minutes the whole broad slope is alive with yelling ranks of gray, sweeping in perfect order down upon the slender line in front, waving over their heads in wild defiance the blood-red field and blue St. Andrew's cross.

And still, as though rooted there, with men falling thick as leaves, that one blue regiment holds its ground. Out from the grove, hurling away knapsack and blanket in their eagerness to join in the fight, two comrade battalions come tearing to the rescue, ranging themselves in line to right and left of the first. "Double-quick," was the order, but run was the response. Breathless but eager they reach their place even as the old gray-headed colonel, far down to the right, is heard advancing his men in line of battle. No waiting for orders to fire now. It is every man for himself fast as he can reach the line. Some standing, some kneeling, a very few lying down, the second brigade is there to a man, and every mother's son of them who is not yet sore stricken is fighting his best—and fighting Stonewall Jackson's whole right wing. There, halted on the opposite slopes and marvelling at what Jackson calls the "obstinate determination" of the Union men, five brigades of Confederates—the flower of the Southern force—are volleying at that one command of four Western regiments. Ewell, Taliaferro, Stark, are there. "Old Stonewall" himself, sitting on his sorrel at the edge of the woods, peers out across the blazing, smoke-wreathed field from under the visor of his worn cadet cap. Half fronting to their right, the rebel batteries drive shell and case-shot down upon the thin blue line, while the gray battalions hasten forward, reinforce their foremost rank, and "double up" with their rapid fire. It is desperate, stand-up, hammer-and-tongs work, and neither side will yield an inch. The third brigade of the Union column is hastening forward in support, but they are still on the pike—full quarter of a mile away. The situation is more than trying. Hundreds of the gallant blue line have been shot down in their tracks; and now cavalry can be seen twinkling out at the left front just as the sun sinks down behind the distant mountains. "Stuart's men, of course," says the general to Kearny as he looks anxiously about him. "By Heaven! I *must* have supports on that flank; half my men are gone already." Ay, here they come—parallel columns of blue striding up from the pike. But by this time the Southern force is so strengthened from its rear brigades that once more it surges forward upon the thinned and wellnigh exhausted line. Closing in on their colors, the Union men have left huge gaps between the battalions, and, seeing these, the Southern leaders urge on their ranks. Too late, gentlemen, too late! Almost at the same instant New York and Pennsylvania have swarmed into the gaps between Indiana and Wisconsin. Their cool fresh rifles add new uproar to the volleying; the second line of Confederates crowd up to the support of the first, and off to the right the field-officer commanding one of the hardest-fighting battalions on the line, seeing his front uncovered for a moment as the advancing brigades close up their bleeding ranks, rings out an order that is heard above the crash of musketry; and though astonished, his men cease firing for the moment, and then are sent at double-quick, "changing front forward on tenth company," and in another moment are pouring a rapid and telling fire on the flank of the charging lines in gray. It is a glorious move. "Look at the Seventh! Hurrah for the Seventh!" ring the cheers along the line; while the shouts and shots and uproar seem to redouble as the Southerners are seen crumbling away under such savage fire. Every moment it is growing darker; the distant batteries have ceased their fire for fear of landing shell and case-shot among their own people; but they manage to drive a dozen rounds into the right flank of that daring battalion before it slowly retires to its old place in the line. The volleys grow redder and redder, the opposing ranks more and more blurred and indistinct; little by little the fire slackens, and at last only an occasional sputtering shot is heard; and still those worn and bleeding lines stick to their ground, grimly, defiantly confronting each other. Not until black darkness settles down upon the bloody field does either side deign to withdraw. Then, slowly and sullenly, without noise of any kind, the regimental commanders post a thin veil of skirmishers along their fronts, and, facing their men to the rear, move them cautiously a few hundred yards away, stack arms, and send out details to gather up the wounded. Nearly one-half of that gallant Western brigade is killed or maimed. Scores of favorite officers, hundreds of brave and patriotic men, have fought their last fight; and on the other side, where those dim lanterns are twinkling over the field, there has been equal loss. Grim old Ewell's leg is gone; Taliaferro is wounded; a dozen field-officers are killed or placed *hors de combat*, and one daring young Virginia captain, riding about the heaping field in performance of some duty for his corps commander, comes groping beyond his lines, and the flash of a lantern reveals those gray sleeves heavily laced with gold right in among our skirmishers. He whirls about and claps spurs to his horse, disdaining the order to dismount and surrender. A shot rings out on the night air, the horse plunges, staggers, then goes prone to earth, grinding the rider's leg beneath the saddle. Before he can extricate himself from his predicament, Lieutenant Kearny has leaped from his steed and is standing over him. Two soldiers rush up with levelled bayonets, but Kearny warns them off, and orders one to hold the struggling horse by the head. In another moment the Southerner stands erect, rescued, but a prisoner of war.

The division commander, with some of his generals and a number of the staff, are gathered in a corner of the old rail-fence back of the grove, when Lieutenant Kearny appears before them with his captive. He is the first officer brought in, and there is natural curiosity to see him and hear what report he has to give of himself. The general is his examiner, and his manner is as courteous and kindly as though the soldier were one of his own command. "The fortune of war," he says, "has placed you in our hands. You are of Jackson's corps, I presume?"

"I'm not," is the answer, sullenly.

"What then?"

"I am on the staff of General Stuart."

"How are we to account for your being here in our front with Jackson's command?"

"You wouldn't have had to trouble yourself with such a problem, sir, if my horse had not fallen on me," is the answer.

"Where is General Stuart's command now, captain?"

"I should decline to answer if I knew, sir, but I don't."

"We will not ask you where Jackson is," says the general, with a sad shake of the head, as he thinks of the losses sustained by his pet brigade, "but I would like to know at what you estimate his force."

The prisoner eyes his questioner a moment, then answers, "We count them at sixty thousand—or as good as that."

"Indeed! We knew he was strong, but did not rate him quite that high. Captain," he continues, turning to his adjutant-general, "take this gentleman's name and rank, and do the hospitalities of head-quarters, so far as you can. I have a despatch to write. Is this Lieutenant Kearny?"

"Yes, general," answers the young cavalryman, saluting.

"I believe General McDowell expected to send some word back by you to your brigade commander, who is reported as out beyond Haymarket on the road to the Gap. The general has gone, however, to join General Pope, and if you prefer to return to your command to-night you can do so, and I will ask you to leave a despatch with General Ricketts as you go. He is probably somewhere along the road between Gainesville and Haymarket."

"I shall be glad to go, sir. They will not know what has become of me in the regiment."

"Very well, then. The note will be ready in a moment," and the general turns away.

His chief of staff, meantime, has offered the prisoner a drink from his flask, and it is thankfully accepted. By this time the Virginian is apparently coming to the conclusion that his treatment is much more courteous and considerate than he supposed would be the case. His answer, therefore, to the next question, though somewhat hesitating, is given in a pleasanter tone of voice.

"Your name and regiment, captain?"

"I am Captain Falconer, of the Warrenton Rangers."

Kearny turns sharply in mingled interest and surprise. The words of the stranger whom he had met in the morning—"Watch out for a Captain Falconer"—are suddenly brought to mind. Can it be possible that this is the man? If so, what reason is there for being especially on his guard against this by no means ill-looking Virginian?

"You stated that you were on duty with General Stuart, captain," continues the adjutant-general; "where and when did you last see him?"

"You will have to excuse me, sir," is the answer, given most courteously and with a pleasant smile. "I am sorry to have to requite your hospitality in this way, but I must decline to give any information as to my commander and his movements. You know that under like conditions you would do the same."

At this moment the division commander reappears, a folded note in his hand.

"You can probably reach Gainesville unmolested, Mr. Kearny," he says; "our fourth brigade covers the pike most of the way, but after that you must be on the alert. It is my belief that Stuart's men are scouting all the lanes and byways north of the road to Thoro'fare Gap."

"I know they are, general," is Kearny's answer as he swings into saddle; "they nearly got me this morning as I was coming down from Hopewell. Good-night, sir; good-night, gentlemen;" and the lieutenant rides forth upon the crowded turnpike and heads his horse for Gainesville. He has hardly disappeared in the darkness when the Virginia captain, who has been gazing fixedly after him, turns to the adjutant-general.

"May I ask that officer's name?"

"That is Lieutenant Kearny, of the —— New Jersey Cavalry, and you are not his first prisoner, captain."

"No, by Heaven! There are men who would give their eye-teeth to know just where he is this night;" and, as though urged by an irresistible longing, he turns and looks over to the north-west—one quick glance—then, recovering himself, suddenly resumes his nonchalant mien.

"I thought so," whispers the chief of staff to a comrade. "Stuart must be in those woods in front of Patrick's brigade. No doubt he is watching every inch of the Gap road too."

"If that be the case," is the reply, "young Kearny will have to run the gauntlet to-night."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

DESERTERS IN THE ARMY.

An effective sketch by Mr. Frederic Remington in this number of the Weekly depicts a scene not unfamiliar on the frontier—the bringing in of a deserter. Unhappily a fact of more frequent occurrence is the escape of the deserter who is never brought in. There were during the past year no fewer than 2436 desertions from the army. Enormous as this aggregate is, it has often been surpassed. In 1881 the desertions numbered 2361, the next year they rose to the almost incredible number of 3741. The two years following were almost as extraordinary, their desertions numbering 3578 and 3672. Then an improvement was effected, the year 1885 showing 2927, and the year following only 2090. Since then the tide has been rising again, the year 1887 aggregating 2240 desertions, and the one just past, as we have said, 2436.

To get the full effect of this monstrous drain we must reflect that the maximum enlisted strength of the army is only 25,000, including Indian scouts, and excluding the Hospital Corps. Habitually it does not reach the maximum, its present strength, for example, being below 23,200. This number includes 4000 or more drawing increased pay for length of service, and many of these are non-commissioned officers in line or staff, who, however, number at a maximum nearly 5000. Many desertions certainly occur among these also, yet their higher pay, privileges, and prospects must exert an influence to hold them. Hence, when we find in 1882, '83, and '84 an aggregate of 10,991 desertions, it may be imagined what a drain is made, particularly on the line and in the grade of private soldier. During that same period of three years there were, besides the discharges due to expiration of service, amounting to 10,238, over 3200 more for disability, 2425 by sentence of court-martial, and enough, in short, for various causes to bring the losses, exclusive of those due to expiration of service and desertion, up to 8637. The recruiting stations must have been busy in those days. Even with the present year's smaller number of desertions, General Schofield notes that the expenditure of the entire recruiting fund leaves the enlisted strength more than 1800 short of the legal maximum.

Yet these astonishing figures are outdone by those of the Marine Corps, in which, according to Colonel McCawley, the desertions numbered for the last year 419 on a total enlisted strength, for October 1st, of 1890. This loss also is not exceptionally large, as is shown by the fact that in 1883 there were 564 desertions on an enlisted strength of but 1887. It will take only simple arithmetic to show how soon desertion alone at this rate would drain the corps to the last man, independently of discharges from expirations of service.

Reverting to the army: no doubt there are some "professional deserters," since instances have been known of the same man enlisting under different names and deserting three or four times. Some lads, also, probably enlist for the purpose of getting government transportation to the West and there deserting. Dissatisfaction with food, or with the monotony of army life, or with the drudgery of the labor which used to be imposed upon the troops still more than now, to save the cost of hiring civilians, no doubt stimulates desertion. Anger at punishments which, in the lack of a complete code of penalties, may sometimes seem arbitrary, has some influence. There were about 12,000 trials of enlisted men by court-martial last year, not one in fifty resulting in acquittal. But the great causes of desertion are probably restlessness under military discipline, disappointment at the "panning out" of military life, the unusual opportunities offered to vigorous young men on the frontier in their trades, or in farming, mining, and so on; finally, a local public sentiment that enlistment is simply a contract, the escape from which, under certain circumstances, in time of peace, may not be a permanent disgrace. With this idea current, the deserter often persuades himself that the service is different from what the recruiting officer represented, so that his enlistmemt was effected under false pretences. There are grievances, individual or collective, in our army as in others, but the causes just alluded to mainly account for results so astonishing.

The remedies for this evil suggested by General Schofield, General Drum, and others meet the contract view of enlistment by proposing to allow any soldier to buy his discharge for a fixed sum, sufficient to reimburse the government for the cost of the enlistment, clothing, and transportation of a recruit to supply his place. This would be a novel and radical change in our service, but it is familiar in some others. It might threaten to keep the army in a constant state of transition, especially at posts where things did not go to suit the troops; but the statistics we have given show now a great and uncontrollable outflow from desertion. But the proposed retention of half of the soldier's pay until the end of his term of enlistment, both as a fund for purchasing his discharge, if he wishes, and as a means of binding him to the service, since he would not wish to sacrifice it by desertion, might somewhat retard recruiting, although the purchase privilege would help it. Among other suggestions are the reduction of the term of enlistment from five years to three; an easier adjustment of the clothing account; the increase to $100 of the reward for catching a deserter, payable out of his retained pay; the authorization of all marshals, sheriffs, constables, and police officers to arrest deserters. The gradual concentration of troops in a few large and convenient posts and the increase of comforts may also make more desirable a military service which already offers good pay and extra duty wages, some opportunities for rising, and a liberal retired list for the veterans.

SAVING THE SUNKEN "IBERIA."

Cut down by another steam-ship in collision, the *Iberia*, with all her cargo and inanimate contents, lies at the bottom of the Atlantic Ocean. It is not far from land, and it is away from the ordinary track of ocean vessels, for after the collision she made her way, either by drifting or by confused direction, fully a mile inward toward the Long Island shore; but at the bottom now she lies, under nearly a hundred feet of water, on her beam ends, tilted over so far on her starboard side that the tips of her two masts are buried in the mud. The bottom is of gravel, mud, and sand. She sank off Long Beach, perhaps half-way from Rockaway Inlet to Jones's Inlet, four miles from shore. In such a position a vessel, cut nearly in two before she sank, might be supposed to be a total loss. Not many years ago she would have been abandoned without a further thought.

Now, however, nothing of value is abandoned if the resources of modern science are sufficient for salvage. The owners have not abandoned the *Iberia*. It is expected that a considerable portion of her cargo will be brought to the surface, and it is not impossible that a considerable portion of her machinery, and even the hull itself, may be rescued, and after necessary repairs be again fit for service.

Manifestly no ordinary workmen or workmanship will suffice for this task. To make salvage from such a wreck is only possible by the use of scientific appliances. These are employed. Within forty-eight hours from the sinking of the ship two of the wrecking tugs of the Merritt Wrecking Company were sailing back and forth over the spot where she lay, seeking the lost vessel. There are various electrical contrivances, as marvellous as the divining-rod of witchcraft, which are sometimes employed to locate wrecks by means of the deviation of a sunken compass, but these were not needed in this case. It was known approximately where she was, and a long cable three and a half inches in diameter was swung from one tug to the other, and swept along the bottom of the sea till the *Iberia* was found.

Having found her, the wreckers first began the serious work of extracting her cargo. Packed in her hold were some 28,000 boxes of dried fruits, a few bales of skins, and seven or eight hundred bales of wool. When these, or as much of them as may be, shall have been rescued, the question of what to do with the ship will be considered. By that time the divers will know her condition tolerably well, and will be able to judge what can be saved. The wrecking company believe that if they had had prompter notice of the wreck they would have been able to reach her before she sank, and that they could, by putting a steam-pump on board of her, have kept her afloat and brought her into port.

As it is, however, they have the more serious work to do, and are pushing it as vigorously as the weather will permit. Four divers are in the party, and two are at work at the bottom of the sea as constantly as possible. They cannot work in bad weather, nor can they remain under water at such a depth for very long without serious inconvenience from the great pressure of the water. As a matter of fact the men in this work are working on shifts of from two to three hours. The consequent delay, and the storms that are to be expected at this season of the year, are likely to prolong the work, so that it will be spring, or perhaps summer, before the hull is either raised or abandoned.

In former years, when marine insurance was in its infancy, the wrecking business, so called, was almost an unknown term. "Wreckers" were either wretches who decoyed vessels upon rocks or shoals by false lights, or else poverty-stricken boatmen who made a miserable livelihood out of *flotsam* and *jetsam*. Salvage was confined to the saving of an abandoned ship, or of one which without extrinsic help would become a partial or total loss.

Modern wrecking is almost a fine art. The firms and corporations who make it a business have recourse to all the new inventions and discoveries. In explosives they employ dynamite, in submarine searching implements they use electro-magnets, and in working craft they utilize the most powerful and sea-worthy steam-tugs which the boat-builder produces. Modern wrecking has but little of the romance such as Victor Hugo depicts in *The Toilers of the Sea*. It is simple and business-like. A steam-boat founders in Long Island Sound, or a steamer goes down as the *Iberia* did in the ocean off Rockaway Inlet. The consignee telegraphs to the nearest wrecking concern, and within a few hours contracts to have the lost vessel located and examined. Immediately thereafter the wrecking tug starts out in pursuance of the agreement.

This vessel is a powerful, swift, and sea-going steam-tug. In shape it differs slightly from the harbor tug, being higher in the bow and stern and generally broader of beam. Forward it carries a strong derrick or crane, equipped with pulleys and ropes, and arranged to connect with a steam hoisting attachment. Beside the usual accommodations of tugs it has a cheerful cabin, in which the divers and laborers can sleep and live. It is furnished with diving suits, jacks, dynamite cartridges, air-pumps, a dynamo, electric and magnesium lamps, a submarine glass, grappling-irons, and a score of other appropriate implements.

If the wrecked vessel has sunk, and its exact location is unknown, the tug begins a submarine search. It reaches the place about where its object lies, throws overboard its tools, and moves rapidly to and fro upon the surface, travelling as far as possible in lines parallel and close together. These tools vary indefinitely. The simplest form is the grappling-iron, a modified compound hook fastened to the end of a strong rope.

Another and better form is a grapnel so constructed that when it clutches a heavy sunken body it rings a bell on board of the tug. Sometimes, as was done in looking for the *Iberia*, two tugs will tow a long rope that sweeps a quarter-mile of the bottom. More recent, and far more efficient in the case of iron vessels or ships containing a large amount of ferruginous material, is the magnetic drag. This is nothing more or less than a magnetic or electric needle encased in a water-proof box, and so arranged that when it is brought near a large mass of iron it is deflected, and induces a current in an adjacent coil, which gives an alarm upon the wrecking tug. When the vessel is located it is "buoyed," *i. e.*, a colored buoy is anchored over the submerged craft. This work is of the greatest importance. When a ship goes down in rough weather it is often impossible to fix its position within five miles of any given point. The wrecker that goes out to find it is compelled to sail miles and miles before its grapples, rope, or magnets locate the derelict. In the case of the *Iberia* there was considerable trouble in locating the wreck, though scores of people saw her sink. Not one of them took a "bearing," though several of them were sailors.

On Long Island Sound, a comparatively small body of water, three and even five days have been consumed in locating a submerged vessel. In some cases sunken boats have never been found. In the Sound at least twenty, and off the Long Island and New Jersey coasts eighty, vessels are lying somewhere on the bottom, which have been patiently looked for, but which have never been found by their would-be rescuers.

Once found and buoyed, the lost ship is examined. In clear water a cursory examination can be had by the submarine glass. This is a double tube, of which one half is a simple pipe closed at the lower end with a piece of fine glass, and the other half is a pipe at whose top is arranged a magnesium-light or electric lamp. The apparatus is lowered into the water from the side of the tug, and the magnesium ignited. The one pipe sends a powerful beam of light down into the water, illuminating everything for at least a hundred feet. Through the other pipe the observer on board of the tug can see everything on which the light falls. On the Great Lakes, Lakes Champlain and George, this apparatus will give the eye a range of nearly one hundred feet beneath the surface. In the ocean off the coast the range is about seventy feet, while in the Hudson and other rivers, on account of the large amount of floating silt, it is not more than twenty. The examination proper is made by an expert diver. Accoutred in the hideous armor so familiar to the public, he descends from the tug to the bottom, and carefully investigates the boat and its cargo. Upon his opinion depends the raising of the vessel, its destruction by explosives, or its final desertion, as well as the saving or abandonment of the cargo. He is not the same man who went down twenty years ago. His armor is lighter, stronger, and more comfortable. The air-pump which supplies him with air is now run by machinery and not by hand. In place of the signal-rope, he can now have a telephone inserted in his helmet, and can talk as freely beneath the water as on dry land. He still uses the life-line, but it is no longer a necessity. In twenty years not an accident has happened to him in his submarine life, and even the possibility of a mischance seems far removed. One evil he cannot overcome. The air which he breathes below the water is compressed, and exerts a peculiar and unhealthful influence upon the lungs and nerves. After many years the injury becomes so great that he is compelled to leave his business forever. In some instances he becomes the prey of consumption, in others of paralysis, and in still others of a complete shattering of all the physical forces. Formerly he was in utter darkness when he went below five fathoms. Electrical science has come to his aid and given him unlimited light. He can fasten incandescent lamps to his body or to his helmet. He can carry an electric lantern in his hand, or can guide one suspended from the tug far above. The latest French invention throws a vast beam of light from the wrecking vessel, and makes the submerged vessel as light and bright as if it were upon the shore.

The vessel and cargo thoroughly examined, the diver ascends to the tug. He is in no hurry in this regard. The improvements in his paraphernalia enable him to remain in the water for hours. The chief difficulty is the loss of animal heat. Metal is a good conductor, and conveys a vast amount of caloric to the cold water which surrounds the man. The employment of fine non-conducting felts for diving clothes, and the swift circulation of warm air through the air-tube and helmet, have done away with this, and keep the modern diver warm and comfortable. Upon the diver's report, the captain of the wrecking tug either takes action or reports to his employers.

If the destruction of the vessel is agreed upon, either as a matter of safety to ships sailing over where it lies or as a means of securing a valuable cargo, it is accomplished by dynamite cartridges fired by an electric spark. So thorough is the knowledge of these formidable explosives that an expert wrecker can at his pleasure blow open a hatch, break a door, destroy a compartment partition, or shatter a huge wall of steel or iron. A curious feature of these dynamite explosions is the killing of all the fish within a hundred feet of where they occur.

Despite the dime novel to the contrary, the diver is not greatly bothered with the scaly denizens of the deep. When he uses an electric lamp he is apt to be surrounded by small fry that study him with an unspeakable stolidity and amazement. The larger fish do not come near him, and the much-dreaded shark is hardly ever seen. For the benefit of the latter he usually carries a heavy knife, and on those rare occasions when he is called upon to use that weapon, he invariably shows himself the superior of his ichthyic foe.

In raising a cargo the plan pursued is the same as in unloading a vessel. From the derrick on the wrecking tug a chain is let down to the vessel, which is attached by the diver to some article on board. When fastened securely he gives a signal, and the article is hoisted up and put on board the tug. The only care is to prevent the air-tube, signal-cord, or life-line of the diver becoming entangled with the hoisting tackle. Beyond this the work is slow, dreary, and monotonous.

In raising wrecks the same methods are followed to-day as in the last century. Caissons, empty barrels, and powerful lighters on the one side to raise the vessel to the surface of the sea, and steam-pumps on the other to free it from water, are still the only means employed. The only new idea is that of an ingenious German, who, after he has removed the cargo of a submerged craft, fills the entire hull with small empty wooden casks. The buoyancy of the latter finally raises the boat to the surface, whence it can be easily towed into port and put upon the dry-dock for repair. Fales-Curtis.

A NOR'WESTER OFF SANDY HOOK.

There are a great many persons who believe that steam has practically driven sailing vessels from the ocean, and that the American merchant marine especially is an insignificant fleet of coasters of small importance when compared with the sea-going craft of other nations; that, in short, the American flag has been crowded out of the world's carrying trade on the high seas. So high an authority as Lieutenant Hayden, of the Hydrographic Office, however, believes that for long voyages steam can never compete with sailing craft, and that the American merchant marine is slowly resuming its old-time rivalry with that of Great Britain. Probably some of these unbelievers may be surprised to learn that at the present time America stands easily second in the tonnage of her shipping, and is yearly reducing the supremacy which Britannia still maintains.

The last great storm that swept along the coast caught a large fleet of inward-bound vessels in the great bend of coast between Cape Cod on the north and Cape Hatteras on the south, the broad outer entrance, as it were, to New York Bay. When the wind is from the northwest such vessels have a hard time of it working in toward Sandy Hook. Over and over again anxious captains make Fire Island Light on one tack and Cape May on the other, and if a heavy off-shore gale, like that of the last week in November, heads them off, they are likely to be blown out to sea hundreds of miles. Several New York pilots had this experience during the gale in question.

Inside the Hook a number of sea-going tugs are ever on the watch for vessels in the offing, and often they are able to run out to sea even in very heavy weather, and bring in vessels that otherwise might not be able to make port for days or weeks. Such an instance has afforded our artist an opportunity to sketch one of these enterprising tug-boats that has undertaken to tow a storm-tossed bark from outside in the teeth of a howling nor'wester. It is no child's-play, this making fast to a large vessel when she is pitching her bowsprit under water at every plunge. She must be approached with great caution, for a touch from her might send both vessels to the bottom. The heavy hawsers must be made fast amid blinding spray and huge combing seas that often half submerge the plucky little tug and its crew; and when the hawser is at last secured it is an even chance whether it will be able to endure the terrible strain that comes upon it. If the tough Manila strands give way, the whole work must be done over again, and not infrequently the attempt has to be abandoned altogether even when fairly within sight of smooth water. There is nothing then for it but to trim the close-reefed topsails once more and fill away again, standing off and on till another opportunity occurs for making port. Apparently success is about to attend the venture of our tug in the engraving, for it is evidently making headway against the seas that dispute its passage, and we may assume that within a few hours the anchor will be let go off Quarantine. Perhaps for the first time in several weeks the crew will have a chance to sleep in dry clothing, and the captain and his mates will turn in with reasonable confidence that they will not be called up after an uneasy nap to shorten sail or tack ship in the darkness in dangerous proximity to a line of leaping breakers.

MY HEART AND I.

My Heart and I a consultation held
For many anxious days, nor could agree,
Though cruel darts by Cupid's bow impelled
Had wounded us severely, Heart and me.

I loved a certain lady, all too well,
Perhaps—no matter now. Heart loved one too.
You ask her name? Excuse me, I'll not tell;
Nor Heart's sweetheart, for that would never do.

And they were *not* the same, as you will see.
My girl was tall and handsome, with black eyes,
And oh! *so* bright, and quick at repartee,
And just as good and true as she was wise.

I thought of her a hundred times a day
If I did once, and that goes without saying;
I thought of her when I kneeled down to pray,
And almost always spoke her name when praying.

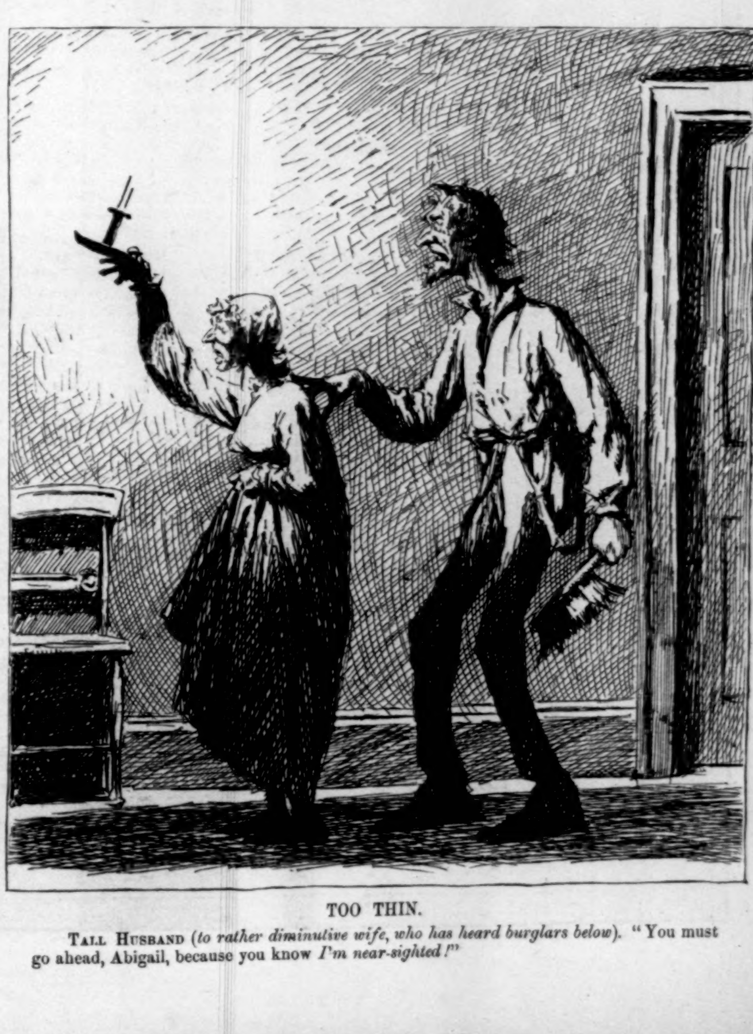
My Heart's true-love was lovely as a rose;
Not tall, but very pretty and petite;
Indeed, her face, when it was in repose,
Was just about the sweetest of the sweet.

She had a pleasing voice, too, high soprano,
Well trained by masters of the vocal art;
And when she sang for us at the piano,
I did not wonder that she charmed my Heart.

I could not but admire the winsome creature,
Her pretty manners and bewitching smile;
But for some reason—hope this may not reach her—
I *loved* the *other* better all the while.

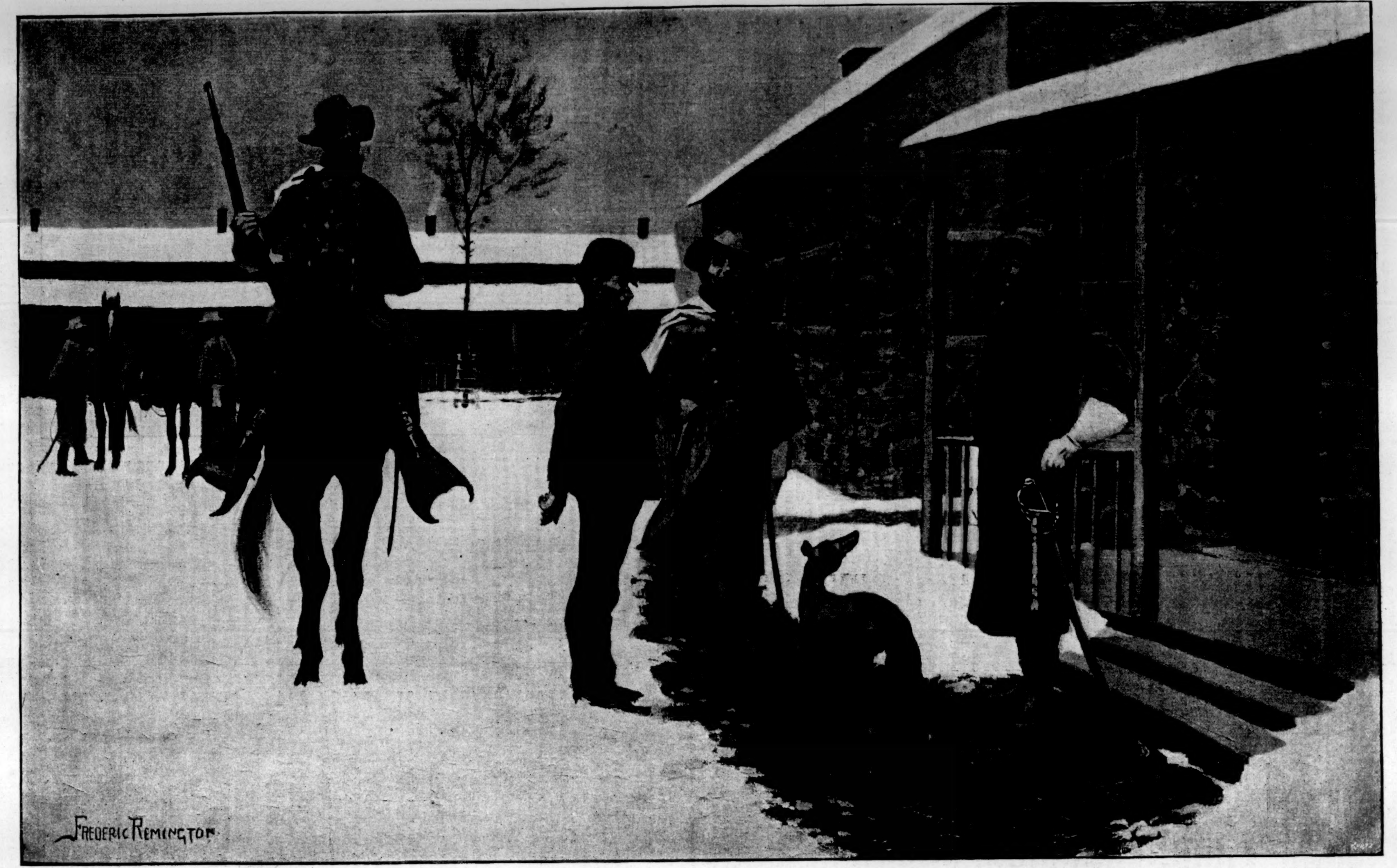
How deeply grieved were we, then, to discover
That while we let the precious moments fly,
Each lady found a new friend and a lover,
And so we lost them both, my Heart and I.

E. S.

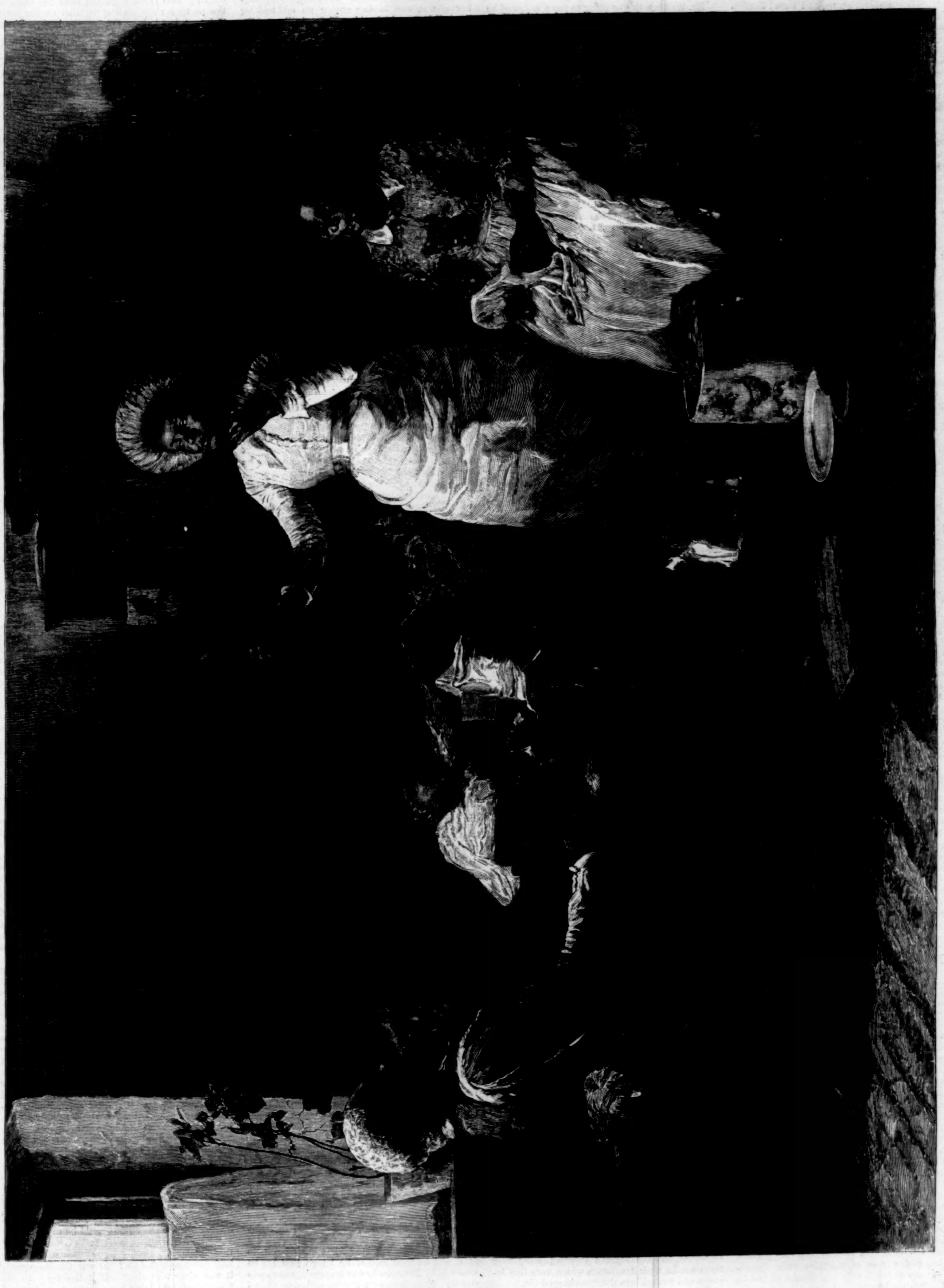


TOO THIN.

Tall Husband (*to rather diminutive wife, who has heard burglars below*). "You must go ahead, Abigail, because you know *I'm near-sighted!*"


FREDERIC REMINGTON

BRINGING IN A DESERTER.—Drawn by Frederic Remington.—[See Page 934.]



"THEIR PRIDE."—From the Painting by Thomas Hovenden.

GUNNER—SECTION ONE.

(Continued from front page.)

We're waiting on the hill-top; a song is on the lip;
A shell drowns out the measure—we'll let their big shot rip.
Boom!—there's another!—closer!—Oh, need a body cry—
Bang!—that's our six's limber!—a-coming through the rye?
They've got the metal on us, and we of Section One,
Because we cannot reach 'em, stand singing at the gun.

Ah—now! The charge is coming: so, steady, every man.
F-i-r-e! How is that one, Mason? Come, beat it if you can.
A second—and another! Both good ones. Every shot
Has crashed right in among 'em, a-coming on the trot;
The charge is on in earnest, and ere this thing is done
We've got to go in earnest to warming up the gun.

So cut the fuses shorter, and drop her muzzle low;
The primer, next the lanyard, and let our last shell go.
Now canister, my brothers; then grape-shot to the swell:
We'll tear this piece to flinders, or blow those folks to— Well,
We'll do our duty, cap'n; we're not up here to run;
They've got to come and take us while standing to our gun.

Ah! thumb the vent for Walters; he's down beside the trail,
Take number one for Carson—don't let the rammer fail;
Help Jack to run her forward, for Parker's by the wheel,
And Blount has dropped his cartridge to catch his breast and reel.
Thus one by one we're falling, but when the fight is done
You'll find the section living or dead around the gun.

I'll stop her for you, Hardy. I've one arm left me sound,
And then the section's gunner will start his gun's last round.
But look! They waver, falter. At last they've got enough;
Nor can I say I blame 'em—a grape-swept road is rough.
Just one more dash like that one, and, comrades, there'll be none
Left here at breech and muzzle to fight and serve the gun.

We're going out of action, for night is coming on;
We've still our gun and horses, our limber and caisson.
But where are Dick and Carson and Parker and the rest?
Retreat's roll-call up yonder will find them rightly dressed;
They lie around the hill-top beneath the setting sun,
And three are left at twilight to limber up the gun.

It's two decades gone over, and near another ten:
Time's bugle blows a Forward! We've left the field since then.
Back there they charged our rifle; we had to serve her well;
Sometimes they made us heat her, chase, breech, and cascabel;
So here's a hand, my brother, my foe of 'sixty-one:
We served—you charged the pieces—we'll both go park the gun.
J. W. RUMPLE.

MR. SALTONSTALL WENTWORTH PAYS A CALL.

ON a balmy spring afternoon Mr. Saltonstall Wentworth emerged from his hotel on Fifth Avenue, and paused, meditating, on the steps. The breath of spring was in the crisp yet tender air; the sunlight slept on the warmed brick walls, and threw the trembling shadows of the trees on the pavement. In the little park the interlaced boughs were blurred with crowding buds and downy bursting pods, silvered by the sun. Through their soft hazy veil the Farragut loomed like a dark blot, and children, with the joyousness of the shy fresh season in their voices, dodged about its base. The air had a mild, caressing warmth, like the flower-soft touch of a baby's hand, and the passers-by seemed imbued with a radiant soul-sunshine, for they stepped lightly, and smiled a smile born of the sheer joy of living.

Mr. Wentworth, loitering on the steps, viewed them indifferently as New York types. He was a Bostonian and a Wentworth, and in some recess of his soul hid a tolerant contempt for New-Yorkers in general. Now, as he slowly descended, passing feminine eyes shot arrowy side glances at him, and a pair of chappies stole shamefaced stares at the beauty and dignity of him in his English clothes, tall hat, and pointed beard. But his cold gray glance swept over them as though they were not. He disliked staring, and as he swung up the Avenue it struck him as odd that the girls he met, all as fragilely, finely pretty as miniatures, should have looked at him fully in passing, with the sunlight on their eyes, clear as wave-washed agates, and the prevalent smile on their ripe lips. He noticed them with faint disapprobation and the niggard compliment of a curt glance, continuing absorbed in his thoughts. Occasionally he looked down from an elevation of nearly six feet at his new patent-leather low shoes, or absently cut with his cane at the uncurling leaves of ambitious shrubs, which, craving for sun, had thrust themselves out between the iron railings.

Mr. Wentworth was going to pay a call, and he was dreamily wondering what the girl on whom he was going to call would be like. He wished that he didn't have to go. Calling on promiscuous young ladies was not one of his small vices. He only practised it with a few friends of his childhood with whom he stood on terms of lofty intimacy. He preferred the European method of calling on the mothers; married women were much more interesting than girls. This particular call was made at the request of one of his married friends, a charmingly vivacious lady, whom he admired.

"Going to New York?" she had cried, rustling graciously to meet him where he stood, hat in hand, in that attitude of easy grace peculiar to the Wentworths. "I'm so glad, because I have a commission to be executed. I want a parcel, that I'm afraid to trust to the post, given to Miss Lowry. I'll give you the parcel and a letter. Such a charming girl! I've wanted you to meet her for some time. You'll go and see her for my sake?" tilting her head on one side, and with a glance which seemed to the heir of all the Wentworths more coquettish than dignified. After that he had had to sit down, and holding his hat between his knees, hear a great deal about Miss Tina Lowry: how pretty and clever she was; how her father had lost his money, and they had moved into such a tiny little house, but Tina was so brave; how perfect her manners were—but he would see for himself. He then had the parcel given him and a letter for Tina, and as his friend laid the package in his hand—it was wrapped in white tissue-paper and tied with a ribbon, like a wedding present—he knew that there was no escape.

This afternoon, before he put it in his pocket, he had felt enough curiosity to pinch it charily. It was soft, but otherwise non-committal, and, ashamed of himself, he thrust it and the letter in his pocket, and slapping his broad chest, went forth philosophically.

On the way he mused on Tina. He supposed she was one of those frivolous, giggling, artificial New York girls. He had no faith in women's judgment of each other. He was rather glad that she was not enormously rich; he disliked what he was fond of considering the rich New York type—overdressed, over-nervous girls, crammed to the muzzle with small-talk. They wore their hair curled on their foreheads, had small waists, and could play the banjo.

"Pshaw!" he muttered; "I know the style perfectly;" and in his angry contempt he struck a geranium leaf, which had forced its way out between the iron railings, a savage cut with his cane, and down it dropped, all its sun-struggles at an end, to wither on the dusty flags. Mr. Wentworth, haughty and ill-humored, turned into the street where Miss Lowry lived.

She was evidently not rich. It was a cross-street of little wooden houses—a block or two of them—some clasped by vines, which spread a delicate tracery over their weather-beaten fronts, or twined together supple, fibrous arms, and swung in heavy festoons from balcony and window-frame. Mr. Wentworth was surprised and pleased. There was originality about the house—why not then about the inmate? The street—one side chill and gray, one steeped in slanting sunlight—was quiet as a room where children sleep. A crystal stillness brooded in the thin air, passing footsteps echoed faintly on the lonely flags, then faded into the murmuring distance, and the hum of the Avenue came drowsily like noises in a dream.

"I don't believe she will play the banjo," thought the unwilling visitor as he ascended the steps. Then, seeing no yellow silk curtains in the lower front windows, he mentally added, "And I shouldn't be surprised if she had no curls on her forehead."

His spirits rose to the point of vivacity, and when the door was opened by a trim maid, with capless head and hair drawn smoothly back, he became suffused with hope, and thrilled with delicious expectation. He gave the girl the note and his card, but kept the package to present himself—it would break the ice which congeals young conversations.

In the drawing-room he looked for the banjo, but without success. It was a pretty, novel room. The window-curtains were of a thin material in brown and white stripes, and there were some spindle-legged chairs and a sofa, the wood-work inlaid with white vines, and the seats covered in fawn-colored brocade, striped with a pale blue ribbon and a flowering vine. Mr. Wentworth, tired of the great silent stately parlors of his clan, softly drew in his breath in silent approval. The room suggested a fine airy elegance and finish, and he hoped with prayerful fervor that Miss Lowry would be to match.

The window was open, and the mellow breath of the rich warm day stirred the striped curtains, gently filled them out and sucked them in, as a thin veil fluctuates responsive to the soft breath of a woman's mouth. On the table was a bowl of violets, and the vagrant breeze passing over them awoke their fragrance, which rose like incense and melted into the sun-charged air.

Beyond this was another room, and through a long window Mr. Wentworth saw a patch of shade, the clean-cut shadow of the house, and then a glare of sun on a greening scrap of garden. He drew the portières wide open and looked in. It was a library. There were book-shelves in all sorts of odd places. Narrow ones, wide enough for only three volumes, followed the window-frames; two shelves fitted neatly between the top of the sofa and the bottom of a picture; five from the floor to the top of the piano. The walls were a mosaic of books and pictures, each fitting into the other like the pieces of a puzzle. Lured by the quaintness of the room, Mr. Wentworth stole into this student's paradise.

There were seats covered with brown leather cushions built in below the windows, Sleepy Hollow chairs, and in one corner an odd-looking stool with four high sides of wood, like a box, and a blue plush cushion on top, the sides rising level with the cushion. He barely noticed this, for his eyes fell on a new magazine on the centre table, which he was particularly anxious to see. He glanced at it, became interested, laid his hat and stick on a chair, and turned to sit down. The square stool with the wooden sides was near him, and he sat on it.

Then something fearful happened: the top of the stool suddenly went down—swiftly, silently dropped like a trap-door on the stage—and Mr. Wentworth went down with it. He was conscious of a sudden subsidence of the plush cushion beneath him, of being violently thrown on his beam ends with his feet in the air, of flinging out his arms as he shot down, grasping blindly, and seizing the high wooden sides which still stood immovable, and so arresting his downward flight. It was so sudden, so horribly unexpected, that for a moment he was benumbed, stupefied. Where was he? What was it? What had happened? He seemed crammed down into a wooden funnel, with his feet coming out at the top. The stool had dropped some three or four feet, leaving the sides standing like an empty box and forming a sort of shaft, to the sides of which he clung, with his fingers hooked over the top. Feet and fingers were all that was visible, for his head was quite low down, like Truth in her well.

"What in the name of Heaven is it?" he gasped, and then his arrested mind suddenly snapped back into action.

He had sat on something which had given way, he didn't know what; but one thing he did know, and that was that he must get out before Miss Lowry came down. He was afraid to let go, even for an instant, for fear he would fall down past all reclaiming. He bent his ankles so that he could clutch the top of the shaft with his heels, like a performer on the trapeze; he gripped fiercely with his hands, and then he strained and tugged with the frenzy of despair. He rose a little, the muscles swelling in his arms, his teeth set, his face crimson, only to sink back again with a thud on the cushion, which gave warningly beneath the weight of his returning body. There was no doubt about it: if he let go, down, down, down the infernal machine would fall, and smash when it reached the bottom.

"What can the people be like who have such a man-trap in their house?" he groaned, and then remembered the robber's inn in the *Cloister and the Hearth*, where the bed had a false bottom, and whoever lay on it was precipitated down an abyss, killed, and robbed. Was this a similar contrivance? Were these people bandits? He wished they were. It would infuse into his present position an element of the dramatic, the heroic, which was now conspicuously lacking.

He tried to struggle up, to turn and twine and twist. His own suppleness surprised him. If he could only stand on his head, so that he could get his knees and his elbows over the sides, then one fierce wrench and he would be up. And suppose the lady entered at that crucial moment, and saw him emerging out of the hole, head down? What would she do? And what would he do? Spring lightly to his feet, and with bent body kiss his finger-tips to her!

Sick with horror and humiliation, he sank back and shut his eyes. She could not be much longer. He had spent some moments in the drawing-room before he saw the magazine. If she had each separate hair on her head to curl, and half a dozen banjos to tune, she could not be much longer. At any moment she might enter. Maddened by the thought, he made another effort—fruitless as the first. He had no room to put forth his strength, and no fulcrum to work on. He didn't believe he would ever get out. He was like the rude forefathers of the hamlet—in their narrow cells forever laid. What *would* he do when she came in? And pierced with rage and misery, he writhed and ground his teeth, swearing in a whisper.

The paroxysm past, he became suddenly silent, and thought of the approaching *dénouement* as sick men think of death. His imagination was more active than it had ever been before. He pictured Miss Lowry's entrance. How much of him would she see? The soles of his shoes and his fingers? Perhaps—oh, blissful thought!—she would not notice them, it not being customary for visitors to assume the striking attitude in which Miss Lowry would find him unless a miracle intervened. Or seeing him, or rather the soles of his shoes, she might think them an optical delusion, a mirage. Just powers! was it in nature that she should think them what they really were? She would suppose he had waited until he was tired, and gone home. Men have done that. But if she did see him? She had never met him before, and she might think it a practical joke, or a temporary aberration, or call in the police. It would all appear to-morrow in the papers. And again, terrified, appalled, he struggled in impotent despair.

Was she never coming? His arms began to ache, and he wondered if he let go how far he would fall. The remedy was desperate, but so was the ill. How deep was the inexplicable chasm over which he hung? As if in answer to his thought he felt a tension over his shoulder snap suddenly, and then heard something drop with a series of metallic clicks down the shaft to the bottom. He knew it—a suspender button. He listened to it as it struck the sides of the shaft, with the absorbed interest of the Swiss traveller who throws a stone into a crevasse and hears the dying reverberations as it leaps from wall to wall. It seemed a long time reaching the bottom. Clearly he was suspended over an abyss.

"It's evident I can't drop," thought Wentworth, grimly; "it would be sheer suicide, and—Merciful Heaven, here she comes!"

Yes, there was a sound on the stairs, the frou-frou of a woman's skirts, a step on the sill of the drawing-room door, a pause; then the click of the portière rings sliding together on the brass rod as a hand drew the curtain back. Wentworth held his breath, his eyes staring glassily at the toe of one of his shoes in his intense endeavor to be motionless and to hear everything. He was conscious, by little icy vibrations thrilling through him, like bubbles in champagne, that she was looking about for him, and that his shoes were new and the soles shone garishly in that darkened corner. She seemed strangely silent: perhaps she had suddenly seen them and fainted from fright. As this occurred to him she stirred again with a sound like the subdued, retreating rustle of waves, and the scent of violets seemed to blend with her movements. She was coming in; he fancied he could hear the portière slipping with rich heaviness from between her lingering fingers; then came the tap of her heels, sharp and distinct, on the hard-wood floor, abruptly silenced on the rug. She paused again, laughed in a stealthy, surprised way, and said softly to herself: "Why, how funny! Where can he be?"

Wentworth set his jaws, and his nostrils quivered.

Miss Lowry was ashamed of having taken so long to dress. She had had a series of misfortunes: the plastron of her lilac waist was mislaid, and it had taken some moments to find it; the violets she had crushed into her belt were wet, and she had to take them out and dry their stems on a towel; the bow of her slipper had come off, and in pinning it on she had pricked her finger. When she hurried down-stairs she was flushed, breathless, and excuses trembled on her lips as she rustled into the parlor with extended hand. The lilac frock accentuated her waxen fairness; her throat rose from its turned-down frill as smoothly creamy as a magnolia petal, and where it curled over and melted into her round chin there was a distracting little crease which came and went as she moved her head. Loose locks of hair on her temples and the nape of her neck shrunk up into blond semicircles as richly curled as tender unfurling fern fronds in spring woods.

Her visitor was not in the drawing-room, and she drew the portière and looked into the library, a shy smile in her eyes, her hand in readiness. Her face fell at first, then she looked covertly amused. Where could he be? The window-seats, the deep chairs, were vacant. Her eyes broadened with growing surprise, then fell on his hat and stick. She dropped the portière and walked in, laughing under her breath, but startled. The silence of the room was oppressive; the air seemed to hold its breath. She leaned her hand on the table—slender, ghostly fingers rising in the mahogany to delicately touch her own—and slowly turned her head, sweeping the room with a long searching glance. In an instant her eyes encountered a pair of yellow soles glaring upon her from the dusky corner.

Mr. Wentworth heard her quick, indrawn breath. It pierced his soul and stuck there, quivering like an arrow in a wound. He heard her approach; her body, a dark silhouette against the light, came suddenly into his line of vision, and looking down at him, she said, in a voice hesitating and tremulous, "Mr. Wentworth, I—I believe?"

The prostrate Wentworth saw against the glare of the window a small head, the outline blurred with ruffled filaments of feathery hair, a bare slender throat, a belted slender waist. The lady, peering down, saw a confused mass of recumbent gentleman, from the midst of which a dark face looked gloomily up at her.

"Yes," he said, "I am Mr. Wentworth."

And then there was nothing more to say, and for a space they dumbly regarded each other in dire silence, Mr. Wentworth glaring upward from his tube and bondage, Miss Lowry downward from the outer air and freedom.

It was horrible! Miss Lowry was trembling toward hysterical laughter, but Mr. Wentworth was icily grave. He looked as if weighty matters engrossed his mind, so perfect were the Wentworth manners. It seemed insulting and clumsy to offer him assistance, he looked so haughtily superior to his attitude. Something about him seemed to suggest that the proper thing to do was to ignore the situation—to stand there and talk to him easily, naturally, as if it were the most ordinary thing in life for gentlemen to lie on their backs with their feet in the air. Miss Lowry had a presentiment that if she offered her guest assistance or consolation he would answer with a cold, surprised stare, like the Scotchman who was told not to eat the stalks of the asparagus, "You are very kind, but I always sit so; I prefer it."

Mr. Wentworth meanwhile was very unhappy. It was part of his creed to be always cool, calm, master of the situation; moreover, he rarely took the initiative. Just now he felt that he could not make the first advances on this delicate subject. The lady must notice it first; she ought to apologize. And anyway what could he say?

"I look like a fool, don't I?" or something of that kind. How could he say that to a girl he had never seen before? It was too colloquial; it was almost familiar. If it had been an old friend he might have been funny, have relieved the situation with an easy jest. But as it was, the imputation of insanity silenced his wit, and like the man in the poem he didn't dare to be as funny as he could. At the first *bonmot* she might call in the police. He had his eyes fixed sternly on her as all this flashed through his mind, and suddenly dropping her eyelids, she said, contritely, "I'm so awfully sorry."

This was sufficient.

"Pray don't apologize," said Mr. Wentworth from his narrow cell; "I have unfortunately met with an extraordinary accident, I don't know what exactly; perhaps you do." His tone was slightly meaning. "You have a letter introducing me; you know I am neither an impostor nor a lunatic. I brought you a parcel from Mrs. Vernay. It's on the table, I believe. I came in here to wait, and—" Here he caught her dancing eyes, and broke off suddenly. "What in Heaven's name is this thing I'm in?"

"The dumb-waiter," faintly.

"The dumb-waiter!"

"Yes," she said, breathlessly, pinching the violets in her belt. "This is the dining-room really; we use it for a library because the house is so small. And we make that into a sort of a seat; it looks better. But it's always bolted on both sides. I suppose Katie forgot it to-day. I'm so sorry. I hope you're not hurt." She paused every now and then, but kept her eyes on the violets. "I suppose you've tried to get out?"

"Oh yes, I've tried," cried the visitor, with a grim smile. "I can't stand it much longer. What can I do?"

"I might try to pull you up. I'm very strong."

It was too serious to be embarrassing now. So desperate were the circumstances of Wentworth that he cast dignity to the winds. The strain on his arms was almost unbearable.

"You might try," he said, eying the young girl doubtfully.

"Where will I take you?" said she, all contrition and eagerness to help him. "Your hand?" and she grasped it.

"No, no; let go!" cried the guest, excitedly. "I'm holding by my hands."

"Your foot, then?" her eyes earnestly on his.

He nodded, and she seized his ankle in her cool little hands.

"Now begin," she cried. "One, two, three!"

They put forth all their strength. They set their teeth, and pulled and heaved. The lady dragged him by the foot till the shoe, not to mention the member, was almost off. All was useless, and he sank back, nervous and exhausted. Miss Lowry adjusted his shoe with delicate touches of her soft fingers.

"I'm not enough," she said, looking distressed and anxious. "Two people, one on each foot, would be better. Let me see. Oh, I know—our house-maid; she's Irish, and so strong. I'll call her, if you don't mind."

"Do," cried Wentworth, long past minding, and burning for freedom.

Miss Lowry ran out. He heard her calling, as she hurried upstairs: "Katie, Katie, come here quickly! I want you! Hurry up!"

Then Katie came ponderously down the stairs. He heard them whispering in the drawing-room, Miss Lowry's gentle, brook-like murmur occasionally interrupted by an Irish guttural. The portière was brushed open, and he caught the young girl's cautioning whisper: "Now please don't laugh. Look as if it was natural."

The next instant they were beside him. The domestic, the one who had opened the door, had evidently been schooled. She avoided his eye, and was silent. He thanked Miss Lowry for this thoughtfulness with a glance as eloquent as his position would permit. The young lady was practical and business-like.

"Take the gentleman's left foot, Katie," she said, "and when I give the word, pull."

Katie laid a grip as firm and close as handcuffs round his ankle. The word was given, and they pulled. Miss Lowry's gentle tugging was as water unto wine compared to the sinewy might of Katie's iron biceps. Wentworth groaned aloud as he felt her backing furiously, like the captain in a tug-of-war, with his foot braced against her buxom waist. He had once seen a picture of Doré's of "The Last Judgment," where devils were pulling sinners into the pit by their legs, which were stretched out like strained elastic, and he felt that his own were undergoing a similar process of artificial elongation under Katie's heroic manner of treatment. He realized the feelings of the unfortunates stretched upon the bed of Procrustes.

Panting, flushed, and discouraged, they desisted. Katie looked at her mistress for instructions; the mistress looked worried and at her wits' end. Suddenly she cried, struck with a bright idea:

"If you could only hold on till papa comes home. He may be here at any moment. He could help you. Go, Katie, and see if he's coming."

But so different is the point of view of the sexes that this inspiration, instead of causing a renewal of hope in Mr. Wentworth's breast, was the fillip to his cup of bitterness.

Wait for papa!—papa being a gentleman he had never seen, and who had probably never heard of him. He knew exactly how it would be. He, lying in his funnel, would have to keep silent and hear Miss Lowry explain his appearance, hear papa question her, watch papa read his credentials, probably look inside his hat to see if the initials corresponded with the name on his card, stand and stare curiously, suspiciously down at him as at a pestilential microbe under a microscope, while the daughter stood by, and with hat, letter, and card tried to prove the guest neither lunatic, impostor, nor burglar. No indeed; he had reached the limit of his endurance. Better far let go and have his brains dashed out than undergo such ignominy.

"I don't think I'll wait any longer; I'll take the chances of letting go," he said, with heroic calm, and even as he spoke shut his eyes, opened his hands, and flashed down the shaft.

There was a shock, a crash, and total darkness. Wentworth, from thinking he was dead and an essence, found he was alive and struggling for freedom. His foot struck the wood-work, which burst open in two small doors, and he saw a blaze of light, felt a warm flood of air redolent of juicy meat browning over red coals, saw the glitter of clean crockery and the rich smooth gloss of polished pewter and copper, and with the love of life and liberty strong upon him, began to writhe out feet first through the aperture. He did not pause when, as he squeezed out, his coat was drawn up and rumpled, or even when his watch chain caught on a bolt and snapped; but he did pause in pained surprise when, as he was carefully working his shoulder back and forth, he felt himself violently assailed with a stiff hard implement, which by the unbending nature of its blows he judged to be a poker. Each stroke was accompanied by a loud and angry voice, crying, in triumph:

"Aha, ye divil! I've got yer. I heerd yer. I arrumed meself and laid in wait whin yer came crapin' out so sly and silent." It here occurred to Wentworth that his assailant was evidently deaf, for whatever else he might have done, there had certainly been enough noise about his descent to prove that it was not the soft and stealthy entrance of a burglar. "It's not I'll see yer burglarin' Miss Tina's little thraps. I know yer, me foine feller. I've got yer now."

The voice grew louder, the blows harder. Wentworth, whose head was still in the shaft, could hear Miss Lowry crying distractedly from above:

"Oh, Nora! Just powers! Nora, stop, stop! Stop her, Katie! stop her! She'll hurt him. Nora"—her voice rising to a shriek—"stop, I tell you! The gentleman's a visitor—a friend of mine. Nora! Katie! Oh, mercy! What shall I do?"

Wentworth, with these cries ringing in his ears, tore himself free and confronted the wielder of the poker, a brawny, bare-armed Irish woman. Her attitude was warlike in the extreme, and it seemed to his excited fancy that she meditated a grapple. Driven to bay by this thought, he wrenched the poker out of her hand, flung it across the room, and fled, shutting the door.

He found a door opening on a flight of dark stairs, and groped his way up, patting down his hair, and pulling his coat into position. At the head of the flight he saw a figure against the light, as he had already seen it. The scent of violets was wafted toward him, and added the poignancy of memory to his present miseries. As he reached the top she said, in a subdued voice, suggesting repressed tears:

"Oh, what can I say? Are you hurt? Did that fiend hurt you? How horrible it's all been! Come in, do, please, and let me give you something. It is no use for me to apologize; there is nothing to say."

He saw she was deeply grieved, and noticed, as she turned, that she held his stick, with which she was coming down to do battle for him. His heart melted as he saw this.

"Don't apologize, I beseech you," he said, gravely. "There is no harm done." But as he went to find his hat she followed him, murmuring, in pale contrition:

"I don't know what to say. Oh, don't go! Wait for papa. I'm so afraid you're hurt! That fall must have bruised you dreadfully. Would you like some cologne—some Pond's Extract? If papa were here he would be able to do something for you." Then as Mr. Wentworth approached her, hat and stick in hand, cold, dignified, calm: "Oh, please don't go! I can't forgive myself—"

"Good-by," he said. "I must go. It's late." He felt for his watch, and instead encountered the two pendulating ends of his broken chain. He slipped them out of sight, and bowed his way to the door. "You will find the parcel on the table." He felt a pang: he would never see the contents of that parcel. "Good-by. I have enjoyed"—he paused abruptly, then added, with much presence of mind—"making your acquaintance very much."

He pressed the small, cold hand she shyly offered, bowed with superb dignity, and opened the door. On the steps he bowed again, turning for a last glance into the tender, wistful eyes, the door closed, and Mr. Saltonstall Wentworth's call was over.

Three months later Miss Lowry and Mr. Wentworth very nearly had a quarrel. This was the way of it:

They were both seated on the brown leather window-seat in the library, leaning together; and in the dusk Miss Lowry stole her fingers through Mr. Wentworth's arm, and softly patted his hand. They had been silent, watching the twilight deepen, and listening to the footsteps on that quiet cross-street dwindle away toward the Avenue's subdued thunder; but now Miss Lowry said, suddenly, "Dearest, how would you like violets for the bouquet—white violets, I mean?"

She felt Wentworth start, and knew that he looked curiously down at her head, which in truth rested with a charming abandon upon his shoulder.

"Not at all," he answered, abruptly; "I don't like them."

"Not like violets? Why, lovey!"

This was in a tone of gentle remonstrance, and in the dusk the young lady raised her eyebrows and pouted. Then, as Mr. Wentworth made no response, she added, "Why don't you like them, Saltonstall?"

Thus cornered, Saltonstall answered, with brilliant mendacity, "I don't like their perfume; it makes me ill."

"But they're my favorite flower," insisted the adorable Tina, still displaying the pouted lips of thwarted beauty.

"Oh, I know *that*," he assented, with much feeling; "the first time—"

She turned suddenly, and pushing away from him, laid a soft hand on his lips. But their mutual eyes met, full of recollection, in that dim lover's light, and outbubbled their laughter in a duo long and loud. GERALDINE BONNER.

THE MODERN GALATEA.

PYGMALION mourned for Galatea's grace
  Prisoned in marble, cold and passionless,
  Nor longer found delight in a caress
That made her lovelier, yet won no trace
Of answering gladness in her perfect face.
  For love is lovelier than loveliness,
  And sweeter were proud lips he might not
      press
Than lips unconscious of love's soft embrace.

But we who see her on the stage to-day,
  Beautiful Galatea, mourn that she
  Is not indeed of marble; then would we
Shrine her in all our homes, where she should
      stay.
  Alas! she has her own sweet will; and see!
Even as we speak, she turns from us away.

A. W. R.

WASHINGTON NEWSPAPER CORRESPONDENTS.

THE Washington newspaper correspondent is both an editorial writer and a reporter. The larger part of his work is to send the news to his paper—news of a more intimate character than is dealt with by the Associated Press, which is burdened with details. What might or ought to be the chief functions of a special correspondent are quite aside from what he does or what is expected of him. He often goes to Washington from the capital of the State in which his newspaper is published. He was likely enough promoted to the Albany, Boston, Springfield, or Harrisburg work from the city staff. While he was a reporter in what is known as the "home office" he gathered the news of the City Hall, the local clubs and conventions, and interviewed the politicians who passed through the town. His training for the discussion of public questions has not been always thought a matter worthy of serious consideration by his managing editor. It is true that he very often possesses the capacity to write intelligently concerning measures that are before the President and Congress. Some of the Washington correspondents have attained considerable reputations by the ability with which they have thrown light upon questions of national importance, and, as a rule, the illuminating information concerning national politics comes from Washington. It may have been gathered by the correspondents, or it may have been gleaned by editors-in-chief on a visit to the capital. Generally the correspondents reveal the secrets of men and parties, and throw light upon the obscure facts which are sent over the wires by the busy and intelligent reporters of the Associated Press. They are in the way not only of predicting the immediate effect of the happenings at Washington, but they realize the advantage of publishing their own news as soon as it comes to them. They live in an atmosphere of suspicion and competition. Their theory is that no public man of importance says or does anything except from an ulterior motive. He is seeking an advantage for his party or for himself, and it is the duty of the press, especially of the opposition press, to lay his purpose bare to the public gaze. This being the theory on which the correspondent proceeds, therefore the intelligent and active man who lives in Washington with public men, and who writes about matters which constitute the familiar knowledge and gossip of his set, catches more quickly than the visiting editor the bearing and importance not only of a public man's deliberate speech or deed, but of his stray word or seemingly unimportant vote.

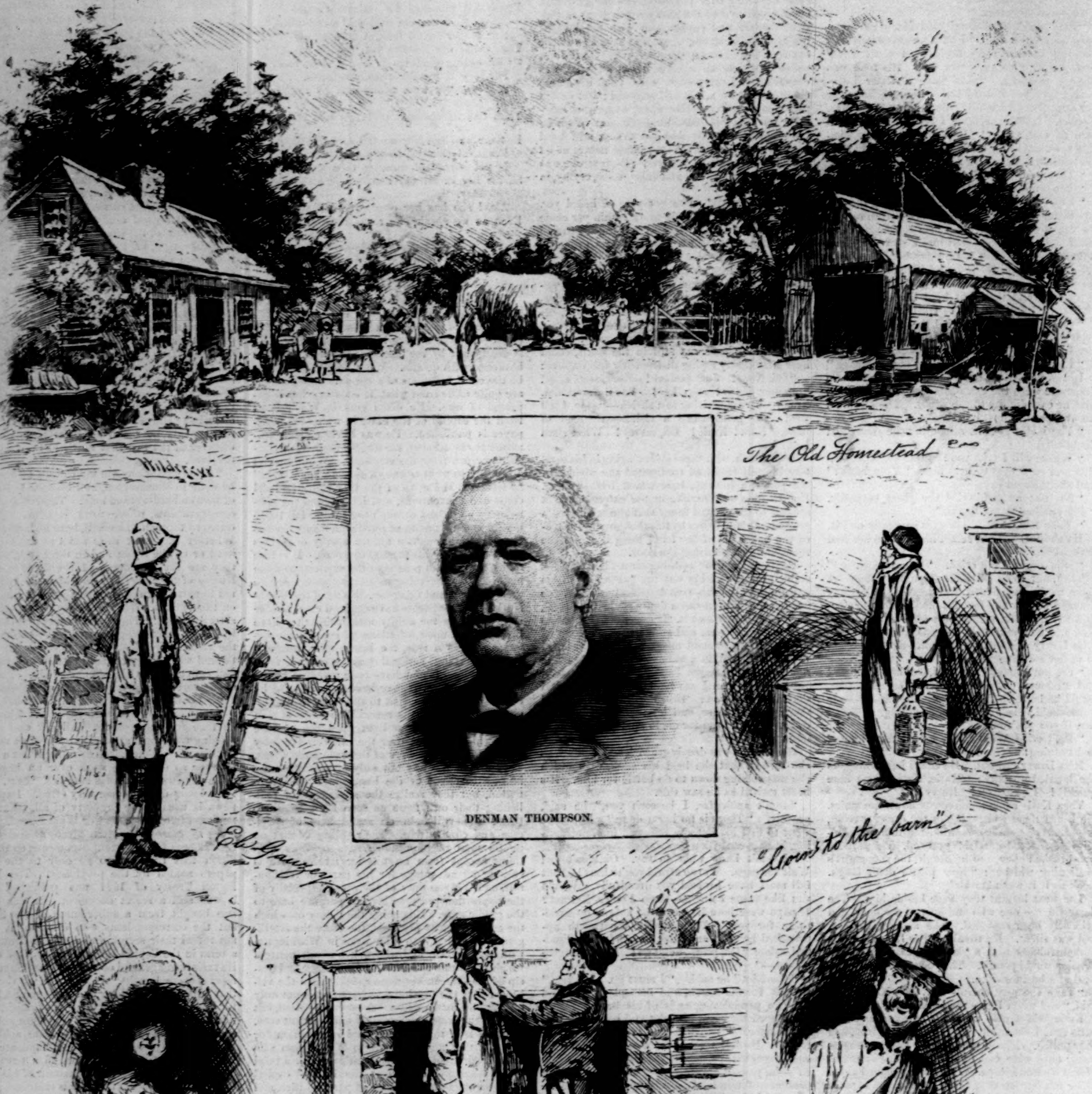
There is a thoroughly sound explanation for the fact that men are sent to Washington who are not educated in public questions. For a good many years public men at the Federal capital have been playing the game of party politics, and not of statesmanship. The newspapers have been filled with the designs of men ambitious to gain leadership, and with the moves which have been made to compass or defeat their objects. Once in every Congress for the last six years there has been a debate in the House of Representatives on the merits of the tariff question. In the Senate there has been a debate nearly every day which might have been important if the matter discussed were seriously under consideration. Not that questions of immediate importance are never debated in the Senate, but partly by reason of the congested state of business in the House, and partly because of the party differences between the two branches of Congress, most of the Senate debates have not been, nor have they been expected to be, followed by legislation. In this condition of things the quick, alert, industrious correspondent, with a shrewd eye to the main chance, and with a faculty for getting on with all kinds of men, has been more useful to his newspaper than the philosopher with a training which enables him to discuss political science on a footing with a Senator. While the latter sits in his office ruminating upon the subjects that are troubling the editorial mind at home, the former is on the streets gathering facts and hearing the gossip of the town.

It would doubtless be a good deal better, both for the men engaged in the work of correspondence and for the newspapers that employ them, if they should seek their information from the very highest authority. It is true that an indication of an important piece of news is sometimes obtained on the streets or in the lobby of the hotel, but the news from Washington would be very much better than most of it is if the men whose duty it is to write it should follow the example of their fellow-workers of the diplomatic corps and hunt their quarry in the clubs and in society. The useful diplomate is in Washington on the same kind of an errand as that on which the correspondent is sent. He is after information, and he seeks it from the men who are making the news. There is no reason why the representatives of first-rate newspapers should not do precisely the same thing. They may live with the leaders if they will. The Washington correspondent who is most respected by his fellows is on terms with the leaders of his party throughout the country, because he is self-respectful, intelligent, sympathetic, and absolutely trustworthy. It is unnecessary to name him to any Washington correspondent, or, indeed, to any one at all familiar with the life of the capital. It is too often the fashion of the correspondents to mistake the Congressman or other public man who is constantly in evidence, and who loves to court the favor of newspapers by talking to their correspondents, for the repository of secrets. The men who have the knowledge which may throw light upon public measures or party movements have no time to waste on the street corners.

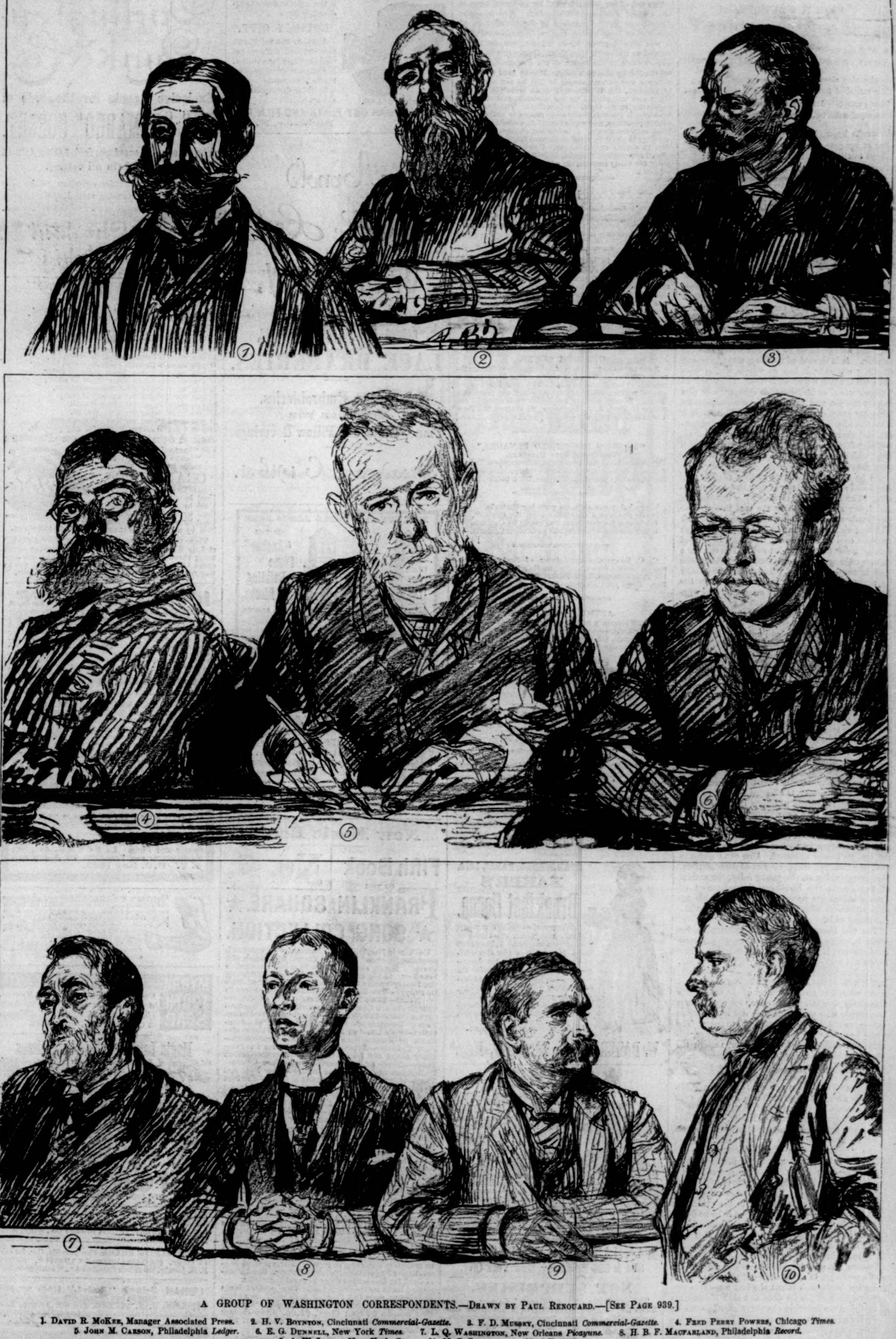
There is a good deal to be gained, also, by a careful study of the situation. A little knowledge of public men, of their constituencies, of what they have done, of the character of their votes and the tendency of their speeches, will keep correspondents from a great many mistakes, will enable them to make many accurate predictions, and will save them a vast amount of time. The men who studied the books and consulted independent physicians during the illness of President GARFIELD had a good deal of leisure, and did not make the common mistake as to the result of the case. The men who consulted the President's friends, whose hopes jumped with their fortunes, with the doctors in attendance, and who swallowed the bulletins as so much truth, spent weary days and sleepless nights only to discover in the end that they had been wickedly deceived.

These suggestions are indications of what may be done in Washington, and of what is the task of many a hard-worked man. These Washington correspondents, whose work is often unappreciated by the men who edit it, have no holiday task. Whether they seek their news at the fountain-head or on the street and in the hotels, whether they are the confidants of the leaders or the friends of the underlings to whom the leaders do not impart their secrets, their work is constantly on their minds. They are busy from noon until after midnight. They pursue every hint that may lead to an interesting item with the eagerness of the seeker after lost treasure. They go to the Capitol when Congress is in session and listen to dull debates in a vitiated atmosphere. They call upon every one who may possibly give them light. Their hours at home are very few. They rarely spend an evening with their families. They have no time for amusements. All day and all the evening they work at what is generally a monotonous grind. Sometimes one of them has a happy hour or so of intense work over an important piece of news which he is sure is a "beat." But such hours do not come very often. Important news is usually the property of all. Exclusive news is often an accident or is purchased. Large sums of money are often given by special correspondents for important documents, on the condition that they are to go only to the newspapers named by the purchaser. The Washington Treaty of 1871 was published while it was still a secret document. It was doubtless bought from a subordinate of the Senate, but the correspondents who obtained it would not reveal their secret, and were imprisoned for a term in the Capitol for contempt. One of Mr. HAYES's messages and one of Secretary SHERMAN's reports were bought. It was said at the time that $1000 were paid for the message and $1500 for the report. CASSANAVE, of the Louisiana Returning Board, having failed to secure compensation for his services in New Orleans, sold what he called his confession, which implicated Mr. HAYES and Secretary SHERMAN, to a newspaper correspondent for $300, the amount of his board bill. A correspondent's place is therefore one of great responsibility. If he is worthy of it he must have large discretionary powers concerning the expenditure of money, and his integrity must be thoroughly confided in by his chief at home. If all the news that he sends to his newspaper cannot be confided in he ought not to be sent to Washington. The temptations of the city are very great. Men with dishonest schemes before the government have naturally a most wholesome dread of the press, for most of the exposures of corruption have been made in the newspapers. The District Ring swindle, the Freedman's Bank scandal, the sale of post-traderships, were all given to the public by the newspapers. With the exception of the last, they were actually discovered by a Washington correspondent. The exposure of the Star Route knavery was also the result of the investigations of a Washington correspondent. It is due to the fact that these shrewd and capable men know the lobby from top to bottom that the professional lobbyist is no longer the power that he was once.

M. RENOUARD has given us the portraits of some Washington correspondents at their work in the press gallery, which will be found on another page. Among the most noted of the corps are General H. V. BOYNTON, of the Cincinnati *Commercial-Gazette;* Mr. E. B. WIGHT, of the Boston *Journal;* Mr. CHARLES NORDHOFF, of the New York *Herald;* Mr. E. G. DUNNELL, of the *Times;* Mr. A. W. LYMAN, of the *Sun;* Mr. M. G. SECKENDORFF, of the *Tribune;* Mr. EDMUND HUDSON, of the Boston *Herald;* Mr. DAVID R. MCKEE, of the Associated Press; Mr. P. V. DE GRAW, of the United Press; Mr. L. Q. WASHINGTON, of the New Orleans *Picayune;* Mr. W. C. MACBRIDE, of the Cincinnati *Enquirer;* Mr. JOHN M. CARSON, of the Philadelphia *Ledger;* Mr. H. B. F. MACFARLAND, of the Philadelphia *Record;* Mr. FRED PERRY POWERS, of the Chicago *Times;* Mr. F. A. RICHARDSON, of the Baltimore *Sun*, and Mr. O. O. STEALEY, of the Louisville *Courier-Journal.* These men, as a rule, perform a hard task very conscientiously. Some of them have represented their newspapers at Washington for many years—an excellent test of their fidelity and efficiency.


Wilder
The Old Homestead
DENMAN THOMPSON.
Eb Ganzey
"Goin' to the barn"
Rickety Ann
Happy Jack—The Tramp
Cy and Seth—Making up
Aunt Matilda
The Dance
"Go home—stop drinking—be somebody"

"THE OLD HOMESTEAD."—Drawn by H. M. Wilder.—[See Page 942.]



A GROUP OF WASHINGTON CORRESPONDENTS.—Drawn by Paul Renouard.—[See Page 939.]

1. David R. McKee, Manager Associated Press. 2. H. V. Boynton, Cincinnati *Commercial-Gazette.* 3. F. D. Mussey, Cincinnati *Commercial-Gazette.* 4. Fred Perry Powers, Chicago *Times.* 5. John M. Carson, Philadelphia *Ledger.* 6. E. G. Dunnell, New York *Times.* 7. L. Q. Washington, New Orleans *Picayune.* 8. H. B. F. Macfarland, Philadelphia *Record.* 9. A. W. Lyman, New York *Sun.* 10. M. G. Seckendorff, New York *Tribune.*

A THORN IN THE FLESH.

FROM THE ANTIQUE.

Still dreamy from long sleep, I wake at morn
To see, faint in the early sunlight's glow,
A little marble statue that I know,
Upon my window-seat: "The Boy and Thorn."

The gleaming shoulders of white polished stone,
The wounded foot crossed over the young knee—
How came this lovely thing across the sea,
From royal galleries, to be my own?

Still dwells Pygmalion's power among men;
For at my gaze a look, not wholly joy,
Leaps to the face; and thus the marble Boy:
"That horrid button's off my boot again!"

A. W. R.

"THE OLD HOMESTEAD."

The Old Homestead has held the stage at the Academy since the last night in August, and is likely to remain there all through the winter. The big audience-room is filled at every performance. The play was not new when it was first presented at the Academy; it had been on view previously for many weeks at another city theatre, and had been seen also, though briefly, at others. A modern play rarely survives so many performances; one long "run" generally finishes the best of them. Yet *The Old Homestead* possesses scarcely any of the qualities that are often regarded as essentials of popular success in the theatre. It is devoid of thrilling situations and startling climaxes, it has no villain, and it does not even contain a pair of lovers. There are no "trick scenes" or hair-breadth escapes; the plot is very simple, and involves no absorbingly interesting story to divert the mind. Neither is it a medium for the display of extravagant buffoonery and short-skirted girls, like many of the so-called "farce-comedies" that please the multitude, which are never comedy, and are often very poor farce.

To be sure, the pictorial setting of *The Old Homstead* at the Academy is very fine and expensive. The farm scene, in which the incidents of Act I. are set, seems to be the real thing. The weather-beaten farm-house and barn do not look like theatrical scenery, and real well-water, which must be cool and refreshing, is drawn in the old oaken bucket out of a quaint well. You can see a square mile or so of cultivated New Hampshire land in the background. The bit of Broadway by night that is shown in Act III., when the farmer is seeking in the city streets for his wayward boy, is an admirable picture of something that everybody knows well; and the farm-house kitchen on a gusty winter night, in the last act, exactly reflects the color and spirit of New England home life.

But in this era of splendid theatrical display these things would not be likely to stir the public fancy so much as to account for the extraordinary success of *The Old Homestead*. The play is simple and unpretentious, but it is true. The sentiment and vigor of rural life in New England are preserved in it, and its principal personages are familiar types, only slightly idealized. A clear-headed, warm-hearted farmer is the central figure, and his affection for his only son is the single theme. Most of the incidents are probable, and although the texture of the play is not all of the same quality—for it sometimes borders on conventional farce—it is all good enough to merit success. There are passages in this homely, wholesome play that deserve to be remembered as among the best gifts of the contemporary stage. All of the last act is delightful, for it is all true to nature, its pathos is simple and affecting, and its humor unforced. One can watch the quarrel of the two ancient beaux of Aunt Matilda, the merrymaking of the young folks, the arrival of the guests, the ill-concealed excitement of Joshua before the return of Reuben, and his sedate joyfulness afterward, time after time, without tiring of it.

The Old Homestead is a remarkable play, for while it seems to defy the canons of dramatic construction, it is assuredly a good play. The amount of real action in it—action, that is to say, that is designed to develop the plot—is very small; but it has action, and a plot is developed, and when we reflect also that most of the dialogue is singularly bright and effective, we realize that the people who made this play did not defy the canons as much as they seem to have done. The piece has really all the essentials of motive, climax, and development of character, though the photographic accuracy of its pictures and its sweet, wholesome sentiment are the principal reasons of its extraordinary popularity.

Denman Thompson's portrayal of Joshua Whitcomb is an exact representation in speech, gait, and action of a typical rural New-Englander of sturdy independence and good habits. Everybody who has a drop of Yankee blood in his veins feels that he knows the man at first sight. Acting more "natural" than Mr. Thompson's in this character it would be impossible to imagine, which simply means that Mr. Thompson seems to be a real farmer, and that his expressions of joy and grief are convincing. The character calls for no great effort of dramatic ability in the exhibition of varied emotions, and there seems to be no doubt that Mr. Thompson is very much like Joshua Whitcomb in his manner off the stage. This is a case in which a good play has been built up around the individuality of an actor. Nevertheless Mr. Thompson is an actor, and he has had a great deal of experience in the practice of his art; and his Joshua Whitcomb is not the less a notable performance because he does not sink his identity in it. An admirable character sketch, quaintly droll and true, is supplied by Mr. Beane as Cyrus Prime, and the other New England types are all skilfully presented.

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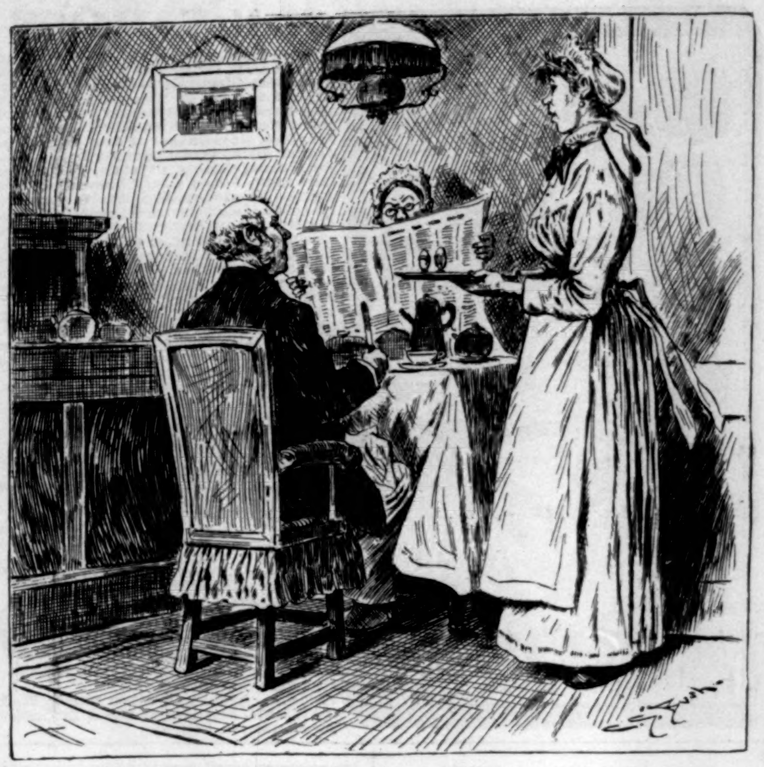

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See "The Clergy and the Times," by Archdeacon MACKAY-SMITH, in HARPER'S MAGAZINE for January, 1889.

What is the matter with Ireland?

Read, in HARPER'S MAGAZINE for January, 1889, "Manufacturing Industry in Ireland," by Mr. Commissioner MACCARTHY, Dublin.

Upon whom has the mantle of George Eliot fallen?

See CONSTANCE FENIMORE WOOLSON'S serial story, "Jupiter Lights," in HARPER'S MAGAZINE for 1889.

What are the prospects of Russia in case of a European war?

Read a paper on the Russian Army, by a Russian General, in HARPER'S MAGAZINE for 1889.

What has Ruskin done for modern life and thought?

See articles by ANNE THACKERAY RITCHIE and Dr. CHARLES WALDSTEIN, in HARPER'S MAGAZINE for 1889.

What does amateur photography amount to?

See "Modern Amateur Photography," by F. C. BEACH, Ph.B., in HARPER'S MAGAZINE for January, 1889.

Who talk the best English?

Read "Colloquial English," by Professor A. S. HILL, in HARPER'S MAGAZINE for January, 1889.

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What are the characteristics of life at a great imperial court?

Read, in HARPER'S MAGAZINE for 1889, two papers on "Social and Court Life in Russia," by Vicomte EUGENE MELCHIOR DE VOGÜÉ, one of the "Forty Immortals."

Why do art collectors frequent the Hôtel Drouot?

See "Hôtel Drouot," by THEODORE CHILD, in HARPER'S MAGAZINE for February, 1889.

Does Canada want to be annexed?

See article on the Dominion of Canada, by CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER, in HARPER'S MAGAZINE for March, 1889.

Has Sir Walter Scott lost his charm for this generation?

To be answered by the reception which the public gives to "Abbotsford," a description (never before published) by Sir WALTER SCOTT, in HARPER'S MAGAZINE for 1889.

Why did England undertake the Sikkim expedition just ended?

See "Nepaul, the Land of the Goorkhas," by HENRY BALLANTINE, in HARPER'S MAGAZINE for February, 1889.

What are the present tendencies of literature?

Read the "Editor's Study" by WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS, in HARPER'S MAGAZINE.

Is the "Nebular Hypothesis" tenable?

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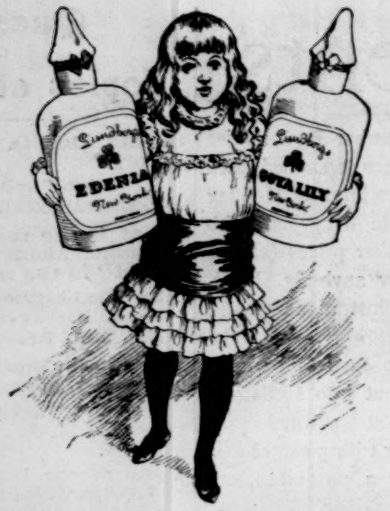

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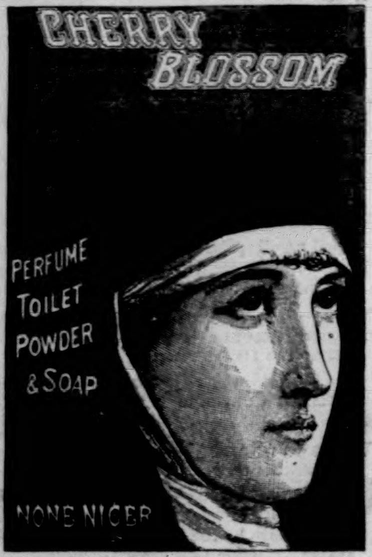

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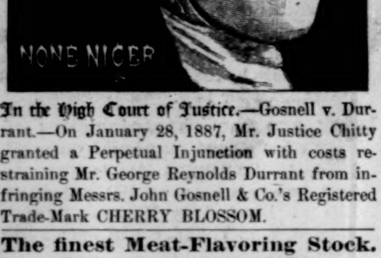
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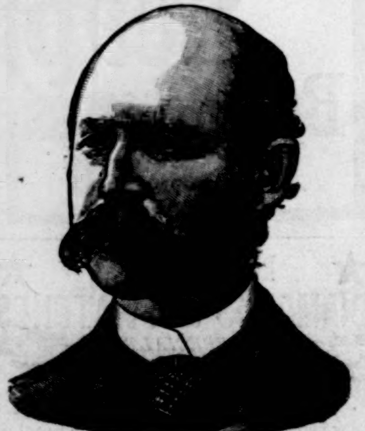

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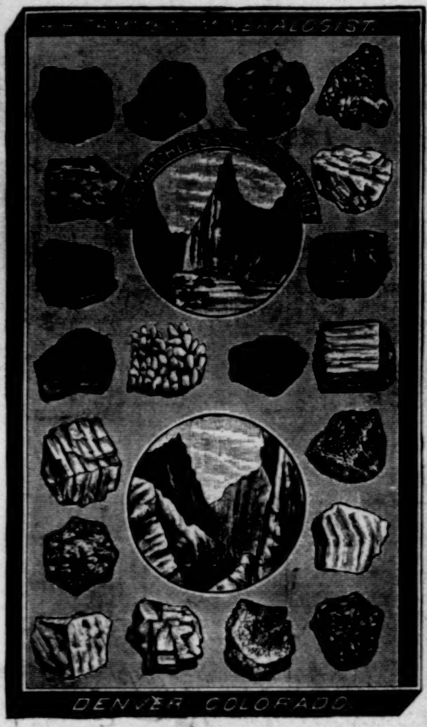

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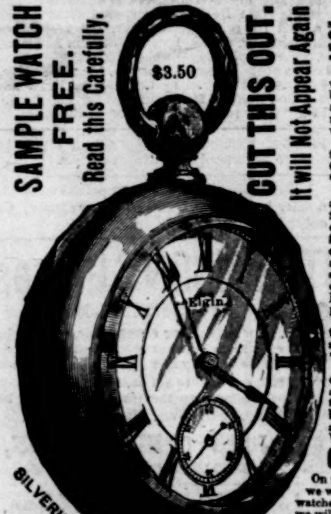

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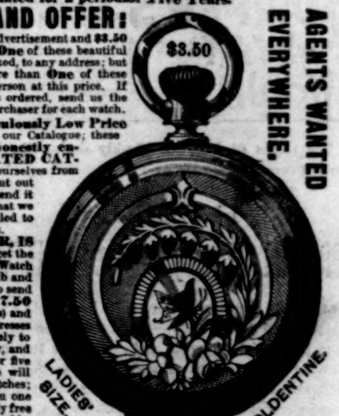

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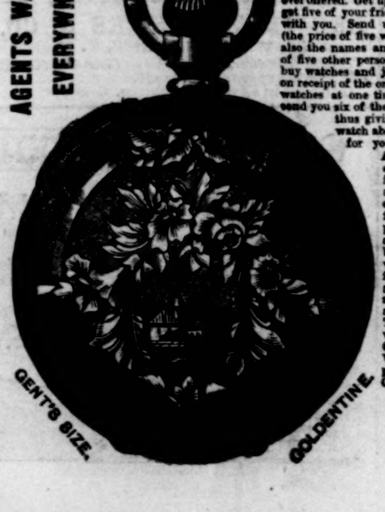

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BLIZZARDS, CYCLONES, AND TORNADOES.

BY WILLIAM A. EDDY.

LIEUTENANT JOHN P. FINLEY, SIGNAL CORPS, UNITED STATES ARMY.

WITH the assistance of daily Signal Service weather maps and an immense accumulated mass of reports, the most important discovery in modern meteorology was made in July, 1881, by Lieutenant John P. Finley, Signal Corps, United States Army. He found that tornadoes almost invariably form in the United States in regions southeast of a moving storm centre. The incalculable value of this will be appreciated when it is seen that the prediction of tornadoes with great certainty is an end toward which the Signal Service investigations are steadily progressing, and in which a high average of verification has been achieved for regions several hundred miles in extent.

During several years preceding November, 1869, Professor Cleveland Abbe had been making weather predictions, and he had maintained that the work ought to be carried on by a government organization. The action of the Board of Trade at Richmond, Virginia, resulted in a memorial to Congress, presented by the Hon. H. E. Paine, who agreed with Professor Abbe that weather reports uniformly sent in under one great system would have a value unequalled by the work of private observers. The importance of weather predictions that show only a small percentage of error was at once seen by General Myer, Chief Signal Officer of the army (known as "Old Probabilities"), who believed that weather reports ought to be included with those of the usual flag or other signal stations of the army. This duty was assigned to him by Congress in February, 1870. The details of this great weather organization were elaborated later by Professor Abbe. The *Weather Review* and *International Bulletin* were established by him, and the Signal Service reports were thus classified and studied by meteorologists throughout the world. He originated the system now in use for the verification of predictions, for the display of storm signals, for the reformation of irregularities in time by the substitution of a uniform standard—of great value in increasing the accuracy of weather reports—for the establishment of a corps of civilian professors, and many other improvements in organization and method.

This vast organization, extending from California to Maine, receives weather reports not only from the Canadian maritime provinces, but from hundreds of ship captains situated at various points on every sea in the world. The weather conditions at a given hour of the day are known wherever steamships and sailing vessels make their way. The international weather reports are handed in as soon as vessels reach New York, Philadelphia, Boston, or Baltimore, and form a faithful record of the paths and severity of ocean storms. In the United States and part of Canada the situation of a great storm, like the New York blizzard of March 11th and 12th, is promptly reported by telegraph three times daily. The rate of progress made by the storm and the velocity of the wind are thus known almost hourly, and their probable course foreseen to an average extent of about sixty-eight per cent. of correctness for thirty-two hours in advance. The storm track of the great New York blizzard was traced from the very slight atmospheric disturbance at San Francisco to the hurricane of cold air and snow that swept down upon New York city and Long Island. The path of this blizzard and its growing severity were at once drawn upon the Signal Service tri-daily weather maps until it came within three or four hundred miles of New York city, when the fury of the storm became so great that telegraphic communication was very largely interrupted, only here and there a report coming in. There was no combination of reports from adjacent stations whereby the exact movement of the storm centre could be then known. Its path and severity through New York and the New England States could not be plotted on the Signal Service map on the morning of the 13th. But the missing data have been gradually filled in to an extent that reveals the remarkable nature of this storm, which in the peculiarity of its track as well as in the velocity of its wind force is unequalled since the establishment of the Signal Service as a regular organization in 1870.

On the weather map of March 13th the storm began to manifest its first indications of power in southern Colorado on the 9th, where it split into two storm centres of five or six hundred miles in diameter, one centre moving southward, along the Gulf, and up the Atlantic coast to New York (see southerly storm track as traced upon the map), the other moving northeast, over the Great Lakes, and thence to the same destination. The two storms seem to have been kept apart by the Appalachian ranges of mountains for at least the distance from northern Georgia to northern Pennsylvania. Both steadily increased in severity as they approached their point of reunion at New York city, as indicated by the increased blackness of shading in the storm tracks as that point is approached. The southerly storm that came up the Atlantic coast was the more severe, as evinced by the destruction to vessels in the Chesapeake Bay and the Delaware River. On the morning of March 10th indications of tremendous storm energy were apparent, extending from Arkansas to northern Wisconsin and Michigan. Warm and cold bodies of air were distributed, with marked contrasts of temperature, over narrow areas in regions running north and south for two thousand miles or more. A venerable sergeant of the Signal Service, a veteran of the civil war, once pointed to a like map, and said to the writer, "If it were not midwinter, I would say that tornadoes would result from that map"; and great loss of life on the lakes took place from the severe winter storm that the old sergeant had foreseen. The warm air ought to remain south and the cold air north, and whenever the map denotes that this normal distribution is nearly reversed, there is sure to be a combat during the restoration of the equilibrium.

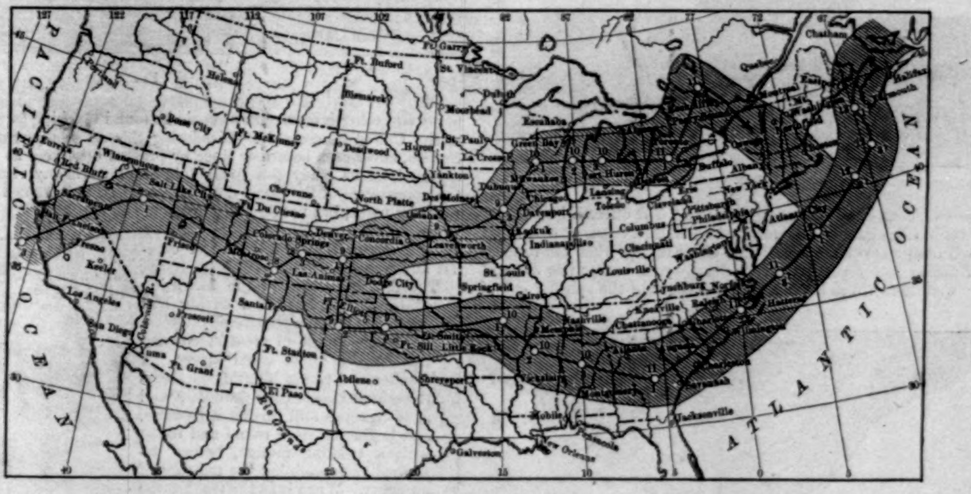


FIG. 1.—NEW YORK BLIZZARD.

The New York blizzard had a larger accumulation of misplaced air to readjust to its proper position than any other storm recorded by the Signal Service. The black band on the map represents the storm track as of uniform width, but the actual storm contracts and expands at times many hundred miles. The map gives an idea of only the average width of the moving storm centre and the direction of its progress. The effects vary so greatly that regions shown as clear may have been severely visited, especially by the rushing of winds and heavy snow toward the main storm centre. After the two storms had their reunion off the Long Island shore—a reunion that New-Yorkers will not soon forget—they travelled seaward as one storm. After leaving the Florida coast, and causing the terrible destruction to the shipping in Chesapeake Bay, noticed above, the southerly storm that came up the Atlantic coast pursued about the same course seen in all the West India hurricane tracks charted from 1873 to 1884, as in the map herewith.

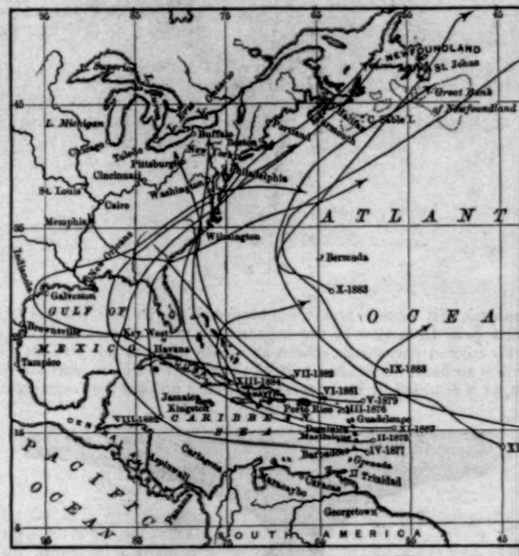


FIG. 2.—HURRICANE TRACKS.

The New York blizzard—a real Western one, that began to assemble its forces at the foot of the Rocky Mountains—curved up the Atlantic coast from the west, while the West India hurricane tracks usually begin, it will be observed, just north of South America or the West Indies. These hurricanes derive their name from the fact that they so often go through the West Indies on their way up the Atlantic coast. The hot air of the tropics no doubt produced a regular hurricane after the southerly branch of the blizzard left the Florida coast on its way northward to New York.

The Dakota blizzard of January 12th and 13th was very severe, but its field of operations was much lessened by its track forming a short, sharp curve through the Northwest, almost doubling back upon itself, as will be seen on the map. The wind blew at a rate of from thirty to sixty miles an hour, and at some points there was a fall of 60° in temperature in twenty-four hours. With a temperature of from 40° to 50° below zero and a furious wind blowing, it is not surprising that the loss of life was great. Not even animals accustomed to an arctic temperature could endure it. The number of lives lost was greater than in previous stormso wing to the increased number of settlers, and because the blizzard came on in the morning about 10 A.M., when people were away from home. Mild weather for two or three days had thrown them off their guard.

The Signal Service cannot warn the people of Dakota in these emergencies, because there are no chains of stations in that bleak region north of the Canada line, from which a cold wave or a blizzard can descend upon the people with dangerous rapidity. The blinding snow even by daylight is equivalent to absolute darkness. Adequate meteorological stations north of the Canada line might result in saving many lives, owing to timely warnings by telegraph; otherwise life in Dakota in midwinter must continue to be extremely hazardous.

The meteorological data brought back by General Greely from his arctic expedition are now just published by order of Congress. It is hoped that the work will throw valuable light upon the origin of blizzards that come from above the Canada line, and which so often manifest their full power in Dakota and Montana, thence extending over the country northwest of Chicago. General Greely still believes that the lives lost in his expedition or any other would be more than paid for by the great increase of meteorological knowledge that must come from exploration toward the north pole. He deeply deplores the loss of life, but thinks it possible that such an arctic expedition might be carried out with safety. If the laws of these polar storms were known, much might be done to prevent loss of life in Dakota, Montana, and even in New York, and the New England States. There is sound foresight in General Greely's view that the continuance of arctic exploration is not only justifiable, but laudable. It is, of course, inexcusable that polar expeditions be conducted so badly as to result in loss of life. The recurrence of interest in the condition of the north pole for centuries justifies General Greely's conclusion that the "farthest north" must ever carry explorers to higher latitudes. He thinks that England will send out the next great expedition by way of Franz Josef Land, which he considers the best direction to take.

The polar air currents which General Greely rightly considers it so wise to study also give rise during the spring, summer, and autumn months to those frightfully severe air combats of a local nature, known to the Signal Service and to meteorologists generally as tornadoes, and to many inhabitants of the Great West as cyclones. The New York blizzard was what the Signal Service would call a cyclone, with five hundred or a thousand miles across its storm centre, and a track of four or five thousand miles in length, extending perhaps from the Rocky Mountains to Europe; but a tornado may be less than a mile in length with a width of track of from three to five hundred feet. The investigation and record of more than two thousand tornadoes by Lieutenant John P. Finley have developed a great variety of realistic descriptions of a tornado's real effects and action. More than twenty-eight hundred tornado reporters scattered throughout the country from Maine to the Rocky Mountains are sending in detailed descriptions, lead-pencil sketches, photographs, and meteorological records, destined to be of great use for many centuries in deciding upon regions of great tornado frequency. In this immense mass of testimony the really frightful and unnatural characteristics of the formation and development of a tornado begin to appear. All the evidence is verified hundreds of times by different witnesses. The stillness, heat, and moisture of the air before the tornado takes place are well known; but, as a rule, who is accustomed to seeing two angry-looking storms of radically different color and texture come up from the northwest and southwest simultaneously? The storm in the southwest is usually composed of light-colored, smoky wind clouds—in hundreds of cases described as resembling the smoke from a burning straw stack—and shows much liveliness and variety of motion. The other storm, in the northwest, appears heavy, black, but has a steady, savage rapidity of movement that means mischief. When the two storms meet there is at once a distorted, wrenching, fantastically rapid and confused cloud movement, that seems to strike most observers with a sickening terror. Masses of cloud

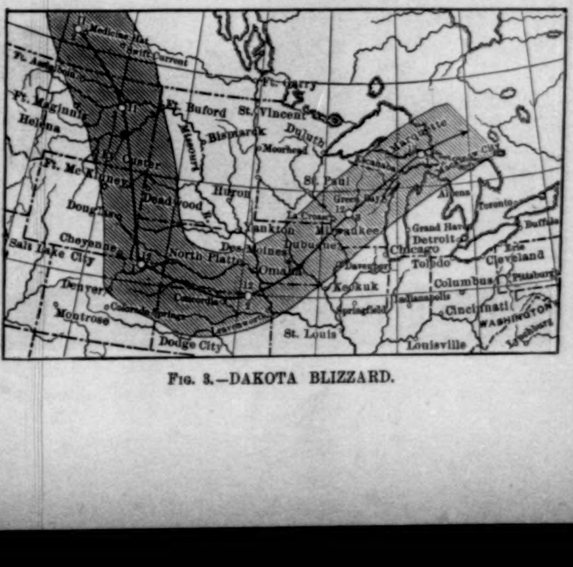


FIG. 3.—DAKOTA BLIZZARD.

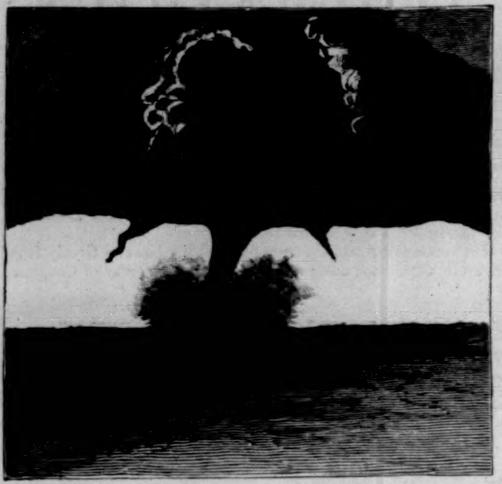


Fig. 4

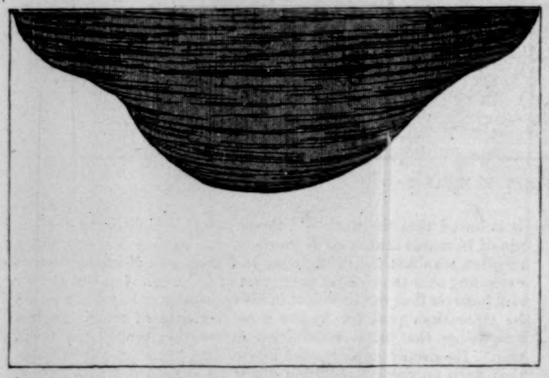


Fig. 5.

seem to rebound and strike terrific blows. The effect is heightened by the furious boiling movement of white, torn edges of cloud that catch the gleam of the sun. This effect is seen when the tornado is forming with a comparatively clear sky on one or two sides of it. Countless times is recorded an account of the spitting out of angry forks of dark smoke, which dart and flash in every direction. At other times, when illumined by the sun, these scudding clouds are compared to darting jets of white steam. In time the clouds show a rough, whirling, auger-like movement, dashing upward and downward, but finally confusedly coming to an established whirling motion. (See Fig. 4.) When the sunlight is cut off, the distant observer sees the black clouds rolling and twisting in a very strange and frightful manner. Sometimes the commotion is compared to the ebullitions of hot water, but this is generally the case when the more fearful-looking leaps of cloud masses are relieved or lessened by the formation of the well-known tornado funnel. The dominating power of the southwest or more active cloud current is evinced by the almost invariable movement of the funnel toward the northeast.

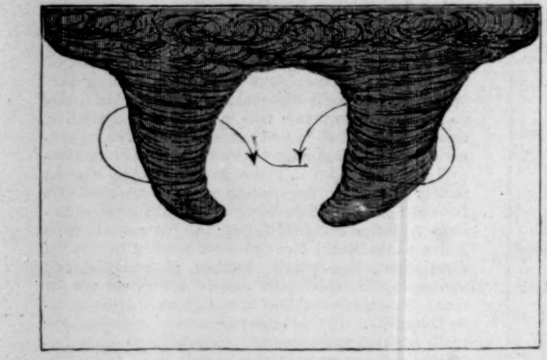


Fig. 6.

While the gyration of the contending clouds is frightful and almost dizzying, yet the intense blackness and great power shown by the pendent funnel are almost equally unnerving, as repeatedly described. In one of the most destructive tornadoes at Irving, Kansas, the first form was in the shape of the basket-like projection downward as in Fig. 5. In this case the contest of air currents was as violent as any on record. This was doubtless due to the fact that this tornado afterward developed two funnels whirling in opposite directions. (See Fig. 6.) This singular specimen of a combination of two tornadoes is unprecedented in the record collected by Lieutenant Finley, covering a period of two hundred and five years, including the careful examination of such newspaper and other information as could be found touching tornadoes in the United States only. Dismissing this as an abnormal exception, never seen before or since by present observers as far as reported, let us study this great volume of testimony regarding the appearance of the usual tornado funnel, so well known in the press by name, but not so well known in those definite details brought forth by careful observation and still more careful and true description.

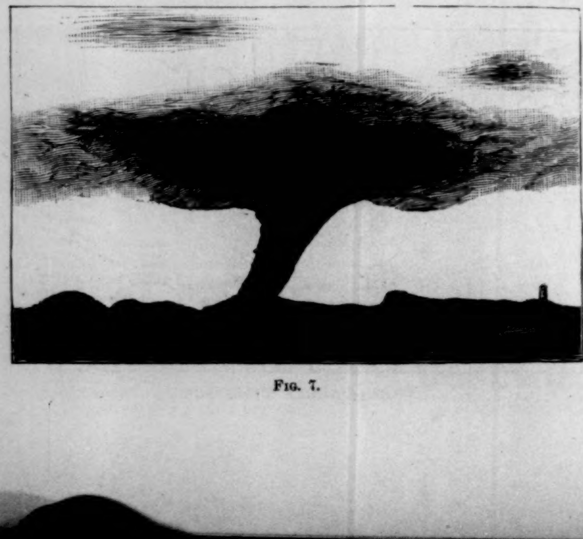


Fig. 7.

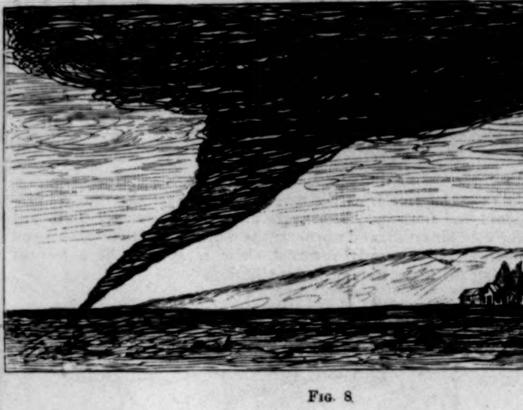


Fig. 8

The first indication of the formation of the funnel is that a darker and somewhat steadier spot begins to form below the points of greatest commotion in the upper cloud layers. A blacker and rather blunt cloud seems to be forced lower than the others, and as it descends still further it narrows, and begins to move round and round with a twisting motion, before described as resembling the twisting of an auger. When it finally reaches the earth it has a hard, definite line, and is seen at a distance usually outlined against a clear or bright sky. (See Fig. 7.) There is no danger that it will escape notice, because the clouds from which it descends as well as the funnel itself are densely black. At times its edges show an indigo-color, while its centre has a generally green effect. It often appears like smoke issuing from a locomotive. From a nearer point of view the blackness is relieved by white edges of cloud that catch the daylight, often leading people to report that the funnel is illumined by an electrical display. Objects can be seen in it whirling with frightful rapidity, but its appearance is still so dark that sometimes a whole bluff or high river-bank seems to disappear from view in the huge rolling mass of darkness. As this column pursues its course at a rate of from thirty to sixty miles an hour, the smaller part of the funnel seems to trail after it, as if retarded by the process of drawing upward the fragments or general débris from the earth's surface, as in Fig. 7, from a carefully drawn sketch by Mr. William T. Jordan, of Deering, Maine. This picture of a tornado funnel has been so frequently verified by innumerable other drawings sent to Lieutenant Finley that there can be no question of the actual correctness of the sketch. At other times the funnel is long and thin, tapers greatly, and extends to a great height, as shown in a sketch by Mr. Charles H. Dunn of a tornado at Perry, Illinois. (See Fig. 8.) Sometimes the funnel is very narrow when it first forms, and seems to twist about like a serpent hung up by the head and writhing in agony, as repeatedly reported. (See Fig. 9.) Perhaps the most common description is that it twists about like a rope, as in Fig. 10. (See also Fig. 11, St. Cloud tornado.) At this stage there are two kinds of descending funnels—one makes its way downward certainly and steadily, and with a frightful velocity of whirling movement, and the other darts downward in a quick, spasmodic manner, draws itself upward more slowly, each time descending lower, until it strikes the earth, when it bounds upward like a rubber ball. At other times the funnel sways like a balloon which has been thrown from its perpendicular position when starting. The skipping, swaying, bounding movement is not so noticeable in the well-sustained, destructive tornadoes with wide tracks, but is a trait of tornadoes that have just begun, or are about to wane in power. A tornado at Westwood, New Jersey, after a course of about a mile, in which many buildings in the town were destroyed, came to an end so gradually that its track contracted from three hundred feet in width to less than fifty feet, and finally became a small, shallow, whirling cloud of débris, yet when first seen it extended high into the clouds. It is quite probable that in the tornado at Westwood the funnel may have withdrawn into the clouds far above the earth in the usual manner, and that the ascending funnel may have been lost sight of in watching the small whirlwind that still remained near the earth. The sketch of the column breaking (see Fig. 11, St. Cloud tornado) indicates that as the funnel separates in the middle there is still a powerful whirling movement left near the earth. This whirl near the earth's surface of course gradually dies out as the funnel moves upward into the clouds.

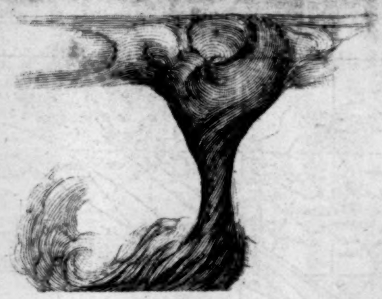


Fig. 9.

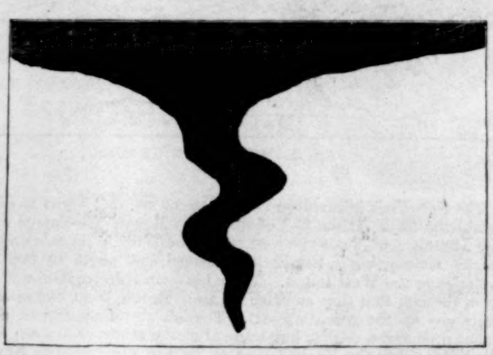


Fig. 10.

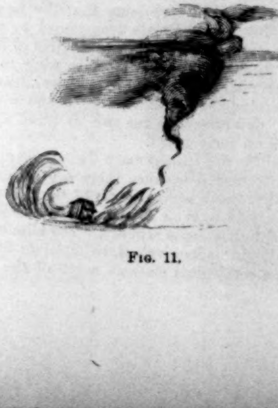


Fig. 11.

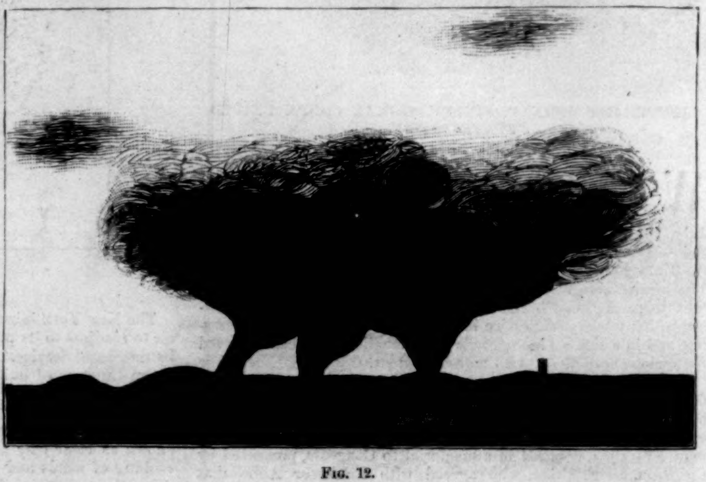


Fig. 12.

As if nature intended that no one should feel comfortable in the presence of this monster, there is an ever-present tendency not only in the main tornado funnel to split in two, or to send out smaller funnels from itself, but also additional funnels may drop from the clouds at any point, and multiply the damage to an incalculable extent. In the sketch by Mr. Jordan we have an undoubtedly faithful representation of three tornado funnels descending from the same cloud. (See Fig. 12.) The presence of so many large funnels in one locality denotes tremendous tornado activity or concentration of opposing cloud movements. Such severity of tornado power, so far east as Portland, Maine, is unprecedented.

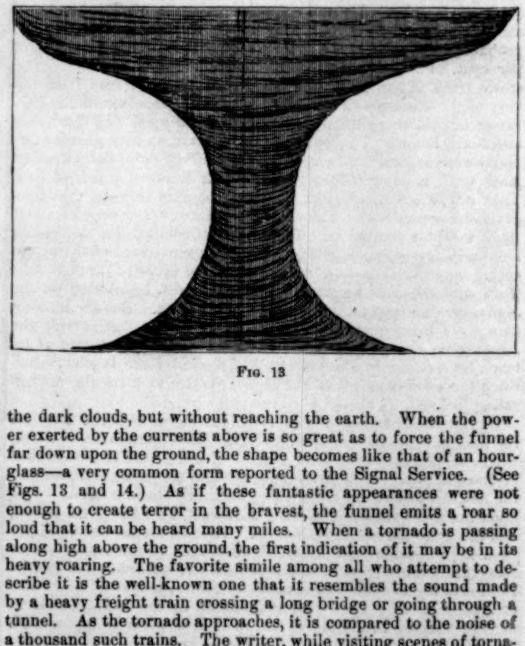


Fig. 13

In one of the most severe tornadoes in central Kansas as many as ten funnels, looking like whip-cords, dropped below the edge of the dark clouds, but without reaching the earth. When the power exerted by the currents above is so great as to force the funnel far down upon the ground, the shape becomes like that of an hourglass—a very common form reported to the Signal Service. (See Figs. 13 and 14.) As if these fantastic appearances were not enough to create terror in the bravest, the funnel emits a roar so loud that it can be heard many miles. When a tornado is passing along high above the ground, the first indication of it may be in its heavy roaring. The favorite simile among all who attempt to describe it is the well-known one that it resembles the sound made by a heavy freight train crossing a long bridge or going through a tunnel. As the tornado approaches, it is compared to the noise of a thousand such trains. The writer, while visiting scenes of tornado destruction and reporting particulars for the Signal Service, has often cited the above roar of the cars as compared to the roar of the tornado, but on questioning closely it has always been found that the tornado's roar is peculiar, and unlike anything before heard. Some witnesses have left the writer to infer that it is as unlike anything before experienced as the tornado funnels, with their writhings and contortions—resembling somewhat the snake-like movement of the arms of the devil-fish—are unlike the usual cloud movements with their serene steadiness and beauty. The roar has

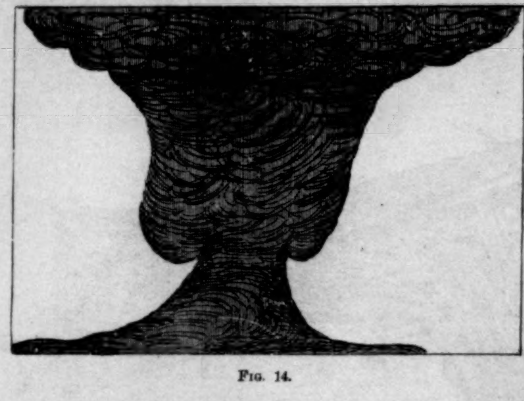


Fig. 14.

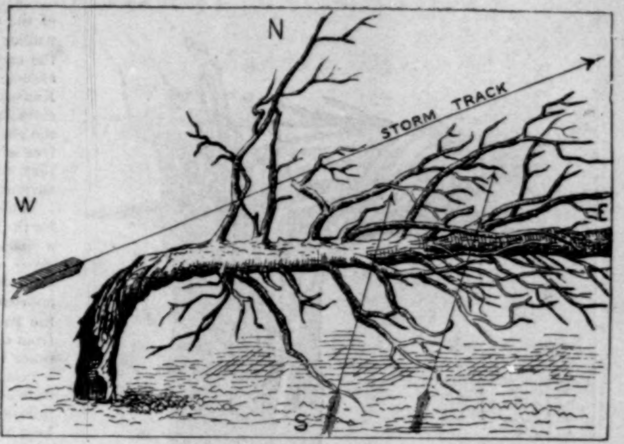

N
STORM TRACK
W
E
S

Fig. 16.

been described as having a peculiar humming sound, not unlike a musical tone but for the profound depth of the note. One of the peculiarly dangerous effects of this roaring sound is that it is so all-pervading that the actual direction of the funnel cannot always be made out. For example, Mr. Joseph Courtney was watching the Pipe Creek tornado in central Kansas with absorbing interest and cool deliberation, owing to the distance of the funnel, which seemed to insure his safety. While he was congratulating himself upon his lucky escape a sudden darkness fell upon him, and he found himself almost within the grasp of a monstrous funnel, like the other one that was moving at so safe a distance. He barely escaped with his life, but his house and barn were destroyed. He had heard a heavy roaring on all sides, but assumed that it came from the distant funnel. He doubtless did not at that time know that the presence of one tornado may involve others. He saw only two of the thirteen tornadoes that were plotted upon the map of Kansas and Missouri on May 29 and 30, 1879, by Lieutenant Finley.

Forty-four tornadoes were officially reported and identified as distinct on February 19, 1884, along the South Atlantic coast, principally throughout Georgia and North Carolina. In the accompanying tornado chart (see Fig. 15) the track of the main storm centre on February 19th, 1884, it will be seen veers suddenly southward toward Illinois and Indiana. About a thousand miles southeast of this downward curve the forty-four tornadoes mentioned above were scattered along over a path about five hundred miles in width, and extending northeasterly into North Carolina.

When a tornado enters the timber its path of destruction seems to widen, and its progress is somewhat retarded. Its roaring also increases perceptibly. While the trees go down as if a mowing-maching had been at work, yet sometimes slender and very fragile trees are unaccountably spared. Many trees are broken off four or five feet above the ground (see Figs. 19, 21, 22, and 23), and many more are torn up by the roots and thrown prostrate in a direction indicating the right to left whirl of the tornado, viz., against the movement of the hands of a watch. Often the limbs of one great tree are found woven into those of its neighbors (see Fig. 17); some trees are torn down and bent over, leaving half their roots in the air, with patches of torn soil clinging to the bottoms of the tree trunks. In the most severe tornadoes the whirling movement is so violent or rapid that individual trees are twisted like the strands of a rope. In other instances the rapid whirl causes trees to indicate the sharpness of the tornado's curve along its whirling track. (See Figs. 18 and 21.) This illustrates in a new way the tremendous velocity of the curving movement, for before one tree has fairly settled to its prostrate position, another a few feet distant has been thrown at a sharp angle as related to it, and the third tree receives still a different impulse as it falls. (See Fig. 21.) In this diagram the direction of the air current changes so suddenly that by the time the tree reaches the ground it has been severely twisted. It is these effects that lead Lieutenant Finley to estimate the velocity of the tornado's whirl at not less than five hundred miles an hour; others claim that the movement is at the rate of not less than two thousand miles an hour. The manner in which houses are penetrated by flying missiles indicates that the velocity may at times approach the speed of a cannon-ball. The tornado has in some instances rolled heavy bowlders to the top of a hill, and has even carried them for short distances through the air. Very heavy

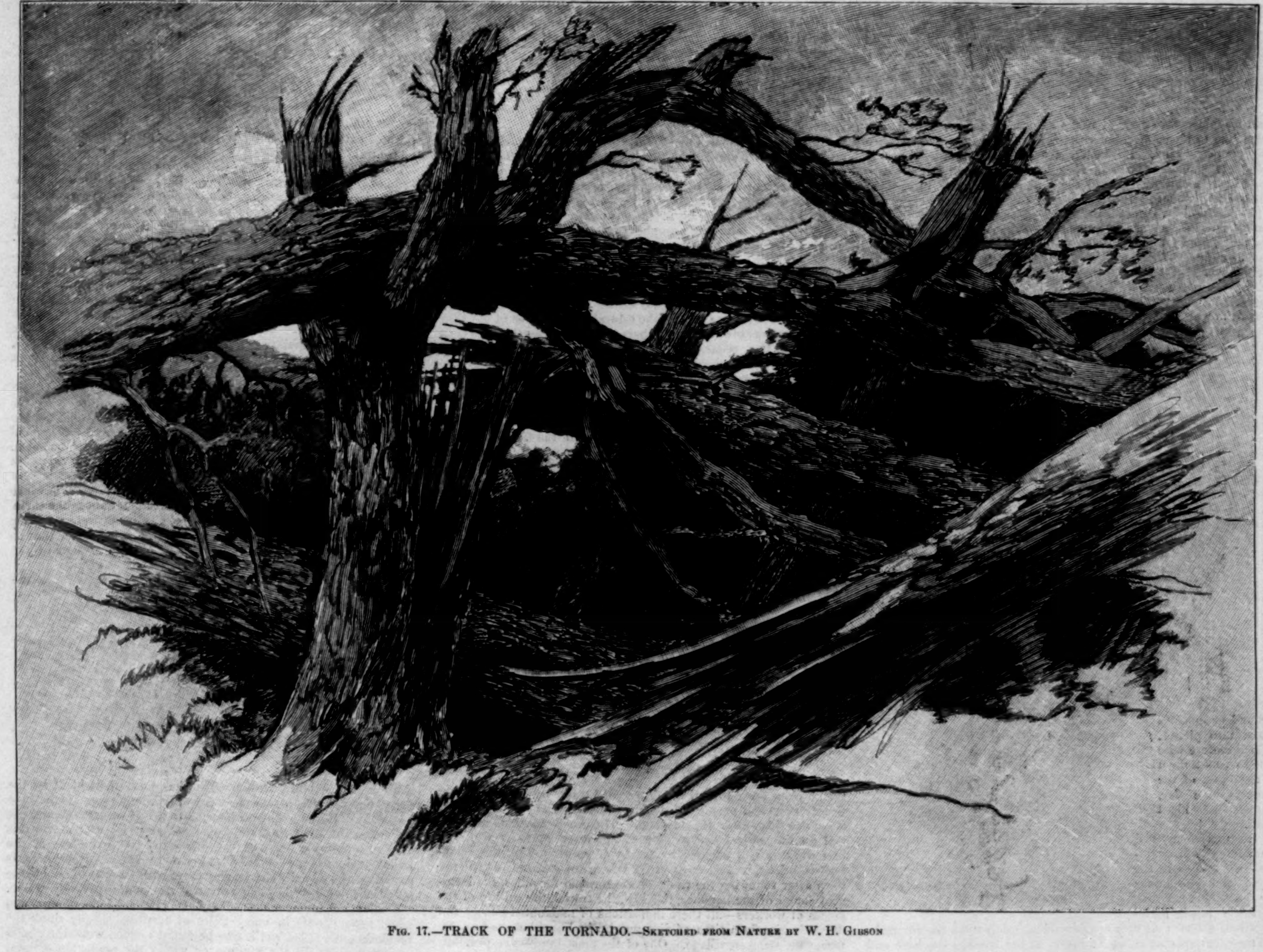


Fig. 17.—TRACK OF THE TORNADO.—Sketched from Nature by W. H. Gibson

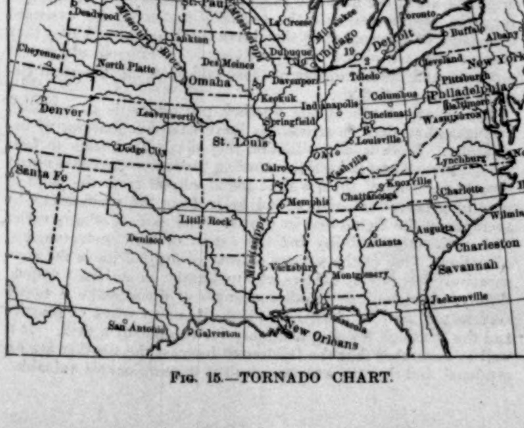

Ft. Buford
Ft. Keogh
Ft. Custer
Ft. Yates
Bismarck
St. Vincent
Duluth
Moorhead
St. Paul
Marquette
Mackinaw City
Montreal
Quebec
Mt. Washington
Deadwood
Missouri River
Mississippi
La Crosse
Milwaukee
Chicago
Toronto
Buffalo
Albany
Detroit
Cheyenne
North Platte
Yankton
Dubuque
Des Moines
Omaha
Davenport
Toledo
Cleveland
New York
Pittsburgh
Philadelphia
Baltimore
Washington
Denver
Leavenworth
Keokuk
Indianapolis
Columbus
Cincinnati
Springfield
St. Louis
Louisville
Dodge City
Santa Fe
Cairo
Nashville
Knoxville
Lynchburg
Norfolk
Hatteras
Charlotte
Chattanooga
Memphis
Wilmington
Little Rock
Denison
Atlanta
Augusta
Charleston
Savannah
Vicksburg
Montgomery
Jacksonville
Pensacola
San Antonio
Galveston
New Orleans
18
1
2
19
3
20

Fig. 15.—TORNADO CHART.

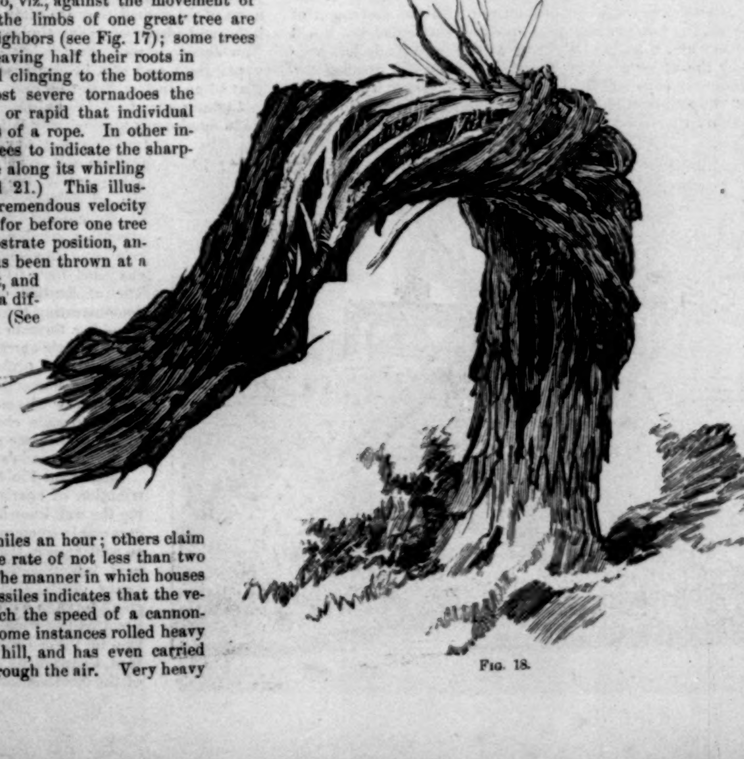


Fig. 18.

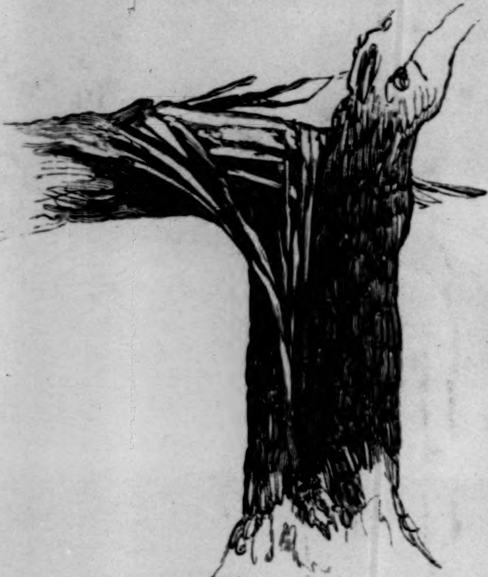


FIG. 19.

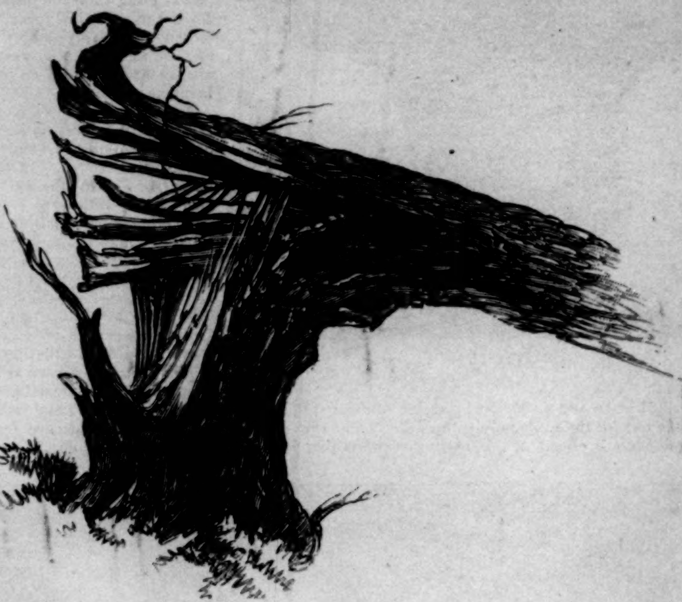


FIG. 22.

iron machinery has been carried a quarter of a mile, but this has been due to its connection with framework that presented more surface to the wind. Horses have been carried into a neighboring field, but generally marks of their hoofs have been found where they here and there touched the ground and made furrows in their desperate struggles to resist the force that impelled them. The human body, unless attached to a bit of siding or tree-top, is rarely carried clear of the ground more than three hundred feet. In the Barnard tornado in central Kansas, Mr. Harman's hired man, weighing 160 pounds, was carried along a curved track out of the door of a barn, then round in front of and thence behind it, a distance of about 125 yards. He was landed unhurt, but very dizzy. This is probably the longest authenticated flight on record in which the man escaped with his life. (Professional Papers of the Signal Service, No. IV., p. 92.) The occasions when fragile objects have been lifted gradually and let down gently have been verified in hundreds of instances. It is due to a partial action of the tornado's power when the funnel has made a bounding motion into the air, exerting just force enough to begin and end the journey without violence. Usually the tornado dashes heavy timbers and animals hard into the ground, or smashes them into pieces, it is therefore wise not to count upon a repetition of the experience of Mr. Harman's hired man.

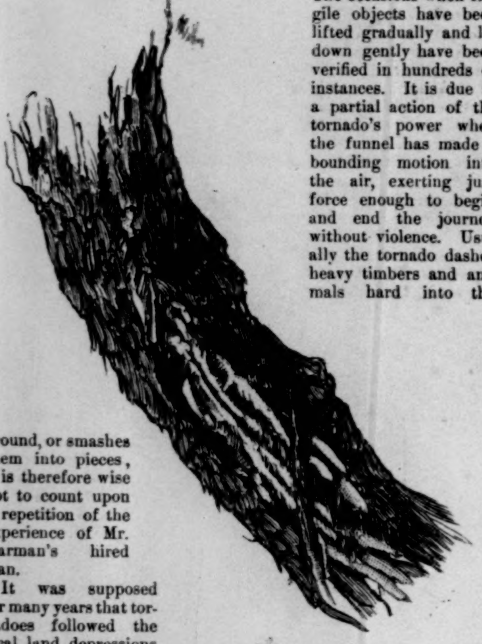


FIG. 20.

It was supposed for many years that tornadoes followed the local land depressions or the beds of streams, but the latest investigations denote that they are dependent solely upon the forces in the general air currents. The path of the tornado has here and there been slightly veered by hills, but its main path has steadily swung back to its northeast course regardless of ridges. If the country is so mountainous as to interfere with the movement of air currents, the tornado may be temporarily suspended, but it will recommence and continue its course after the obstacle has been passed by the upper clouds. The Kansas centre of greatest tornado frequency is principally on the high prairies, or what is called the "two-thousand-foot level," being about an average of that height above the sea-level. It is well known that below the edges of the clouds innumerable tornadoes form that never reach the earth. It is reasonable to assume that some part of the Kansas frequency is due to the elevation of the prairie toward the clouds. This region is also free of mountains or anything that would interrupt the air currents.

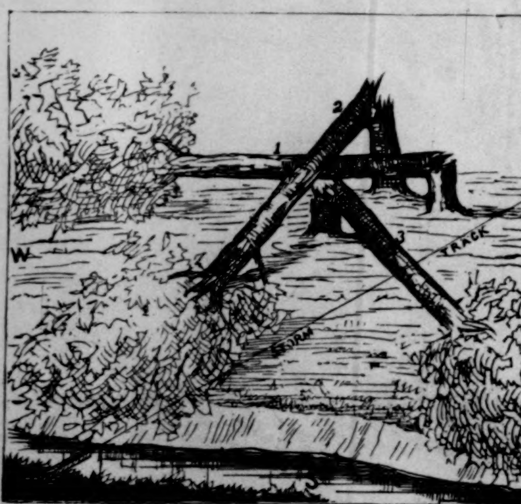


FIG. 21.

When the voluntary reporter for the Signal Service first visits a tornado's track he encounters many unlooked-for facts never to be forgotten. As the train approaches the stricken town the passengers rise and move from one side of the car to the other in their efforts to obtain a better view of the terrible destruction. Perhaps half a mile away, along the side of a long ridge, the first indication of the touch of the tornado will be seen. The dark green or bluish tint of the distant line of woods is broken by sharp, bright marks of freshly splintered trees, where limbs have been torn away, leaving long, narrow streaks of new wood, reminding one of a tree recently struck by lightning. (See Figs. 20 and 23.) As the train approaches the tornado track, the twilight of the woods lessens the contrast between the freshly broken new wood and the foliage. The train crosses the track of the tornado, which cuts a straight line from one strip of woods to another, and out upon the open prairie, leaving a trail of splinters, branches of trees, fragments of shingled roofs, broken boards, and perhaps a large piece of a tin roof blown partly round a tree. On the outskirts of the town a number of people round an open cellar shows where some family rushed below, and doubtless waited a moment for the tornado's stroke; but only for a moment, for amidst the awful roar and darkness there was suddenly a flash of daylight, and the terror-stricken family saw their house drawn up into the huge rolling mass of darkness far above. It was like the sweeping by of a swift shadow, and with the returning brightness of day they picked their way over broken timbers of other houses that had been thrown into their cellar. The owner of the vanished house, with a cloth tied round his head, which had been cut by flying missiles, is telling those assembled of his narrow escape. At the railway station the town may appear almost uninjured at a first glance, but this is due to the definite outline of the tornado's territory of destruction. Houses are not usually so completely cut away as in a fire, because the skipping, bounding motion of the funnel involves much partial destruction. At places where the ground is cleared, the foundation walls and cellars are filled with bricks, plastering, and splintered wood from other houses. In the Jamestown (Ohio) tornado a house on a corner lot was swept away and high heaps of rubbish were deposited in its place. Sometimes a house is lifted off its foundation, twisted around, wrenched until its sides gape open, and while in the air its cellar is filled with flying bricks from a neighboring building. A grim fair or circus seems to be held in the stricken town, toward which crowded trains come. Fifteen or twenty thousand people are looking at the ruins on any bright, clear day just after the tornado. Thousands continue to come and go for several weeks. The village street at the end of the first week is still clogged by pieces of cornices, furniture, clapboards, bricks, broken trees, etc. When one returns toward the town after following the track of the tornado for miles, the incessant sound of the hammer, the saw, the trowel, the calling of the voices of workers—all these indications of undaunted energy and determination in a time of disaster can be heard long before entering the stricken village. One of the most impressive peculiarities is the indentations made by heavy missiles. In instances where houses are skipped, owing to the upward bounding movement of the funnel, they are often riddled by bricks, stones, sticks, laths, and pieces of heavy timbers. At the tornado in Camden, New Jersey, a roof, after flying several blocks, bent inward the upper front wall of a brick house with a blow more severe than that of an ancient battering-ram.

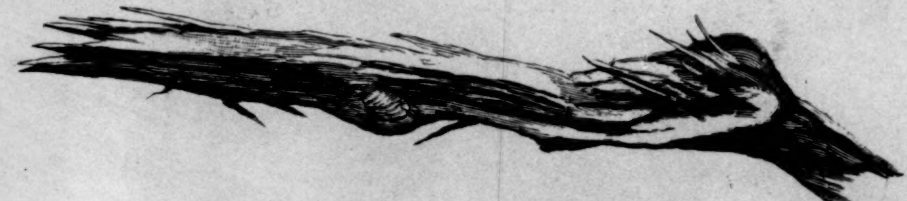


FIG. 23.

Lightning is often if not always seen in the earlier stages of tornado development, principally before the clouds unite to form the funnel, and heavy hail and thunder storms often precede and sometimes follow them; but when the movement of the vortex is fully established, usually all evidence of electricity vanishes, except in distant clouds. Meteorologists almost without an exception attribute the tornado's power to the accelerating movement of the wind, and the theory of electrical force is generally dismissed as a cause. The application of Franklin's kite experiment—demonstrating the identity of lightning and electricity—to a tornado funnel might reveal the presence of an electric current, but the man who should suggest it would probably be considered an ingenious American humorist. It is not easy to see how the presence or absence of powerful electric currents in the tornado cloud can be demonstrated, unless by means of some self-recording instrument rescued from the tornado's grasp by sheer good-fortune.

Lieutenant Finley's map of the geographical distribution of nearly 1900 tornadoes, besides revealing the well-known fact that Kansas is the centre of greatest frequency, reveals another fact, perhaps not so well known, that the South Atlantic coast comes next, followed closely by southern Michigan. The valley of the Connecticut River is troubled by a small tornado with a narrow track of three or four hundred feet wide, and only a mile or two in length. One of these caused heavy loss of life at Wallingford, Connecticut, several years ago. The tornadoes of the North Atlantic slope do not have the terrible width of path and continuity of destructive power so often seen in the central West.

The discoveries that land cyclones or ocean storms generally begin near the northern ranges of the Rocky Mountains, and make their way to Europe, that tornadoes usually form southeast of these cyclones, and move in narrow paths from southwest to northeast, are of direct public interest. The Signal Service records will serve as a basis upon which the coming man may formulate invaluable conclusions, whereby the regions most subject to the funnel-shaped destroyer will be more clearly defined, and the necessity of tornado caves and other precautions better known. Tornadoes occur in Japan, India, and China, and in southern Europe, but nowhere, as far as known, with such terrible frequency as in the United States. They occur on any plains in the tropics where there is heat accumulation, moisture, the presence of cold winds, and the freedom from mountain ranges that restrict the movement of air currents.

In making weather predictions the officers have great difficulties to overcome, owing to the limited number of signal stations, the sharp gradients of temperature, and the great variety of local peculiarities that must be kept in mind. There is a constant demand for completeness, when, owing to the nature of the phenomena, it is impossible to draw a line and predict rain on one side of it and none on the other. The exact extent of a downpour in case the probabilities indicate light rain cannot be measured in advance closely, especially near the Atlantic coast or the Great Lakes, because the coolness and moisture of great bodies of water increase the rainfall. In fact, the correctness of predictions for the Atlantic coast would be improved by the presence of signal lightships in the Atlantic Ocean. This has been thought of by the Signal Service officers, and the scheme definitely proposed on three occasions. It was abandoned, owing to the great expense and the difficulties in anchoring and construction. But aside from this lack of observing stations, the difficulties of prediction in the known regions of the central West are very great. Storm centres, as traced on the tri-daily charts, may move with more than double the speed calculated, or they may remain at rest, or unexpectedly vanish. "Local rain" means rain at half the stations in a district, and when none results in many miles of territory, people think the prediction has failed, yet it may be found verified when the charts are examined. In the autumn or winter the prediction of local rain may mean a heavy or continuous storm. For this reason the word "local" is often omitted in winter. It is the custom of the officer in charge to predict rain as far as possible, that people may take umbrellas unnecessarily rather than be wet through.

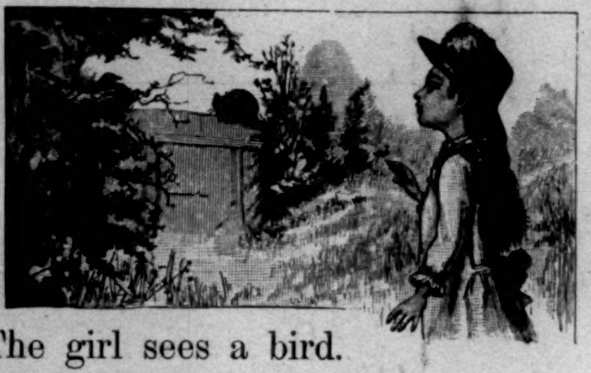
The officer usually predicts for forty different districts, for which temperature, weather, and wind must be determined. Each decision must be made in sixty seconds, which requires great quickness and accuracy. It is the most difficult and responsible work required of any government officer. An error in temperature prediction at critical times in the autumn may freeze up the river traffic, causing boats to be detained in midstream, resulting in great damage. A mistake in a cyclone prediction might cause great loss of life and property among the shipping along the coast or on the lakes. The summer predictions are most difficult, because the barometric centres lack intensity or are undecided. Decided storm movements have a momentum that can be foreseen better. In regions where most of the great storm centres originate, along the northern ranges of the Rocky Mountains, it is far from easy to estimate the special direction of the eastward movement of storms, but as they leave the Mississippi Valley they become more calculable. They advance toward regions of greatest moisture, and the knowledge of these regions is an important element of the predictions.

The principal use of the weather predictions is to establish averages that shall progressively leave narrower margins of uncertainty. From a local situation they must often seem to fail; yet it is always best to heed the morning predictions, because nearly seventy per cent. of them will be found correct from the point of view of personal experience, and aside from the verifications by averages on the Signal Service charts. The skill of officers varies with their natural ability and the extent of their meteorological education. One of the serious defects of the science is the comparatively low pay of officers who undertake so serious a responsibility. Resignations or other changes at times make it necessary to put men in charge who lack the many years of practice and the thorough training necessary for so difficult a task. It is well to remember that the failures to forecast the weather are exceptional, and that the average result is unquestionably valuable.

HARPER'S READERS.—SPECIMEN PAGES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

LESSON VII. 13

bird It is
a bird Is it



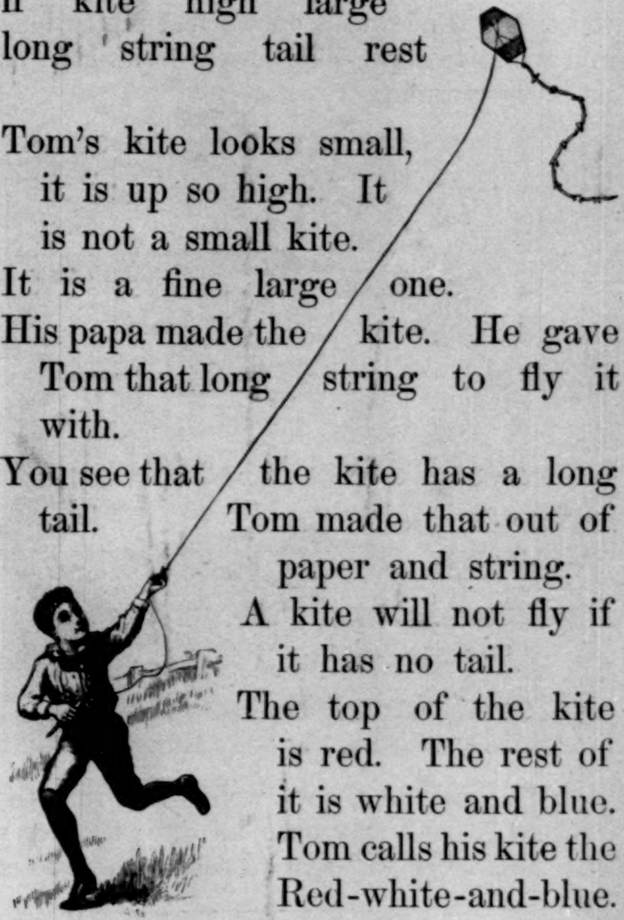
The girl sees a bird.
It is a black bird.
The girl sees a nest.
Is the bird on the nest?
The black bird is on the nest.
I see a cat. Is it white?
It is a black cat.
The cat sees the bird on the nest.

HARPER'S FIRST READER.

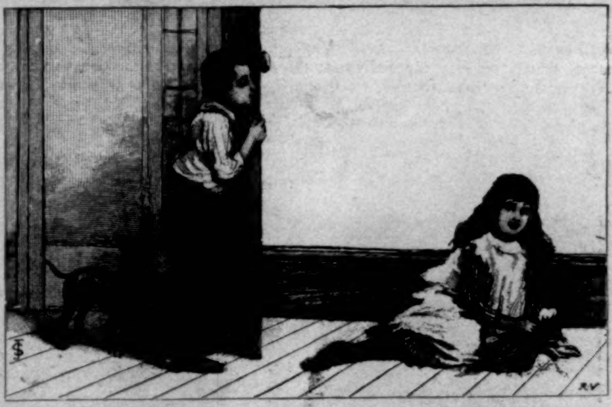
In this book are embodied the latest and most approved methods of teaching reading to beginners. The lessons are adapted to the understanding of the youngest pupils, and from first to last are full of interest. The words and forms of expression are such as children naturally use in conversation. Each word is repeated in many different sentences, thus fixing its form and use permanently in the memory. The construction of the sentences is such as to secure, without the aid of rules, natural and correct tones, inflection, and emphasis. There are numerous lessons in script which are of great value, both as an aid in teaching writing and as a means of familiarizing children with the written forms of words. They are also designed to suggest additional slate and black-board exercises to be presented by the teacher. The pictures, while excelling in beauty and artistic merit, are at first quite simple, containing only such details as can be best appreciated by the untrained eye and mind of the child. This feature is admirably shown in the specimen illustrations which appear on this page.

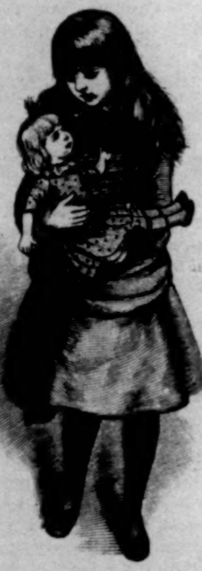
LESSON XLV. 59

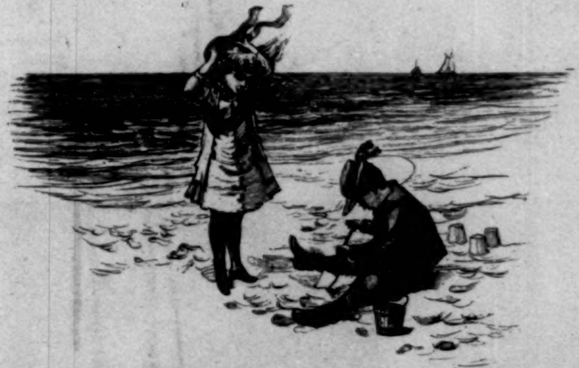
if kite high large
long string tail rest

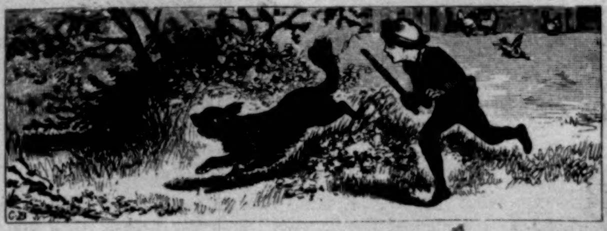


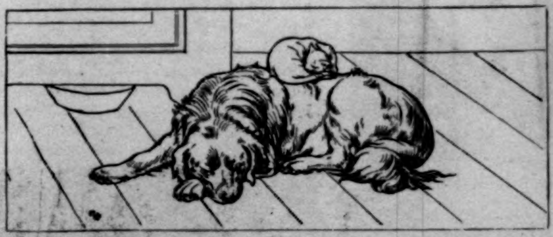
Tom's kite looks small, it is up so high. It is not a small kite.
It is a fine large one.
His papa made the kite. He gave Tom that long string to fly it with.
You see that the kite has a long tail. Tom made that out of paper and string.
A kite will not fly if it has no tail.
The top of the kite is red. The rest of it is white and blue.
Tom calls his kite the Red-white-and-blue.

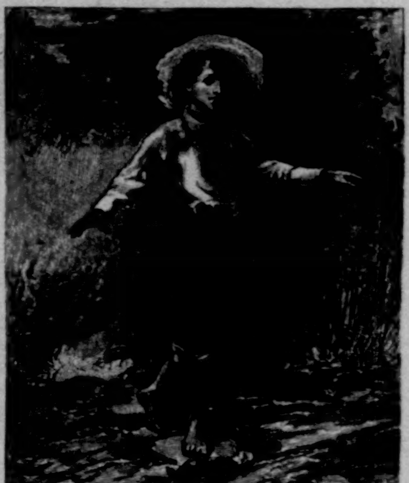


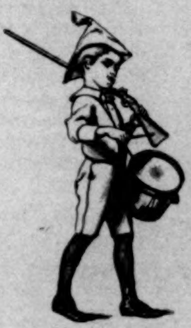


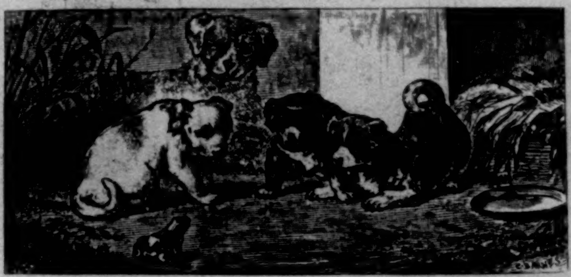


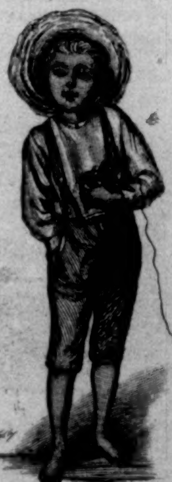


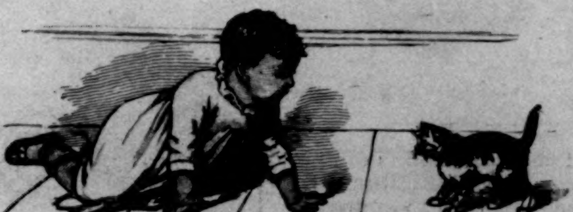




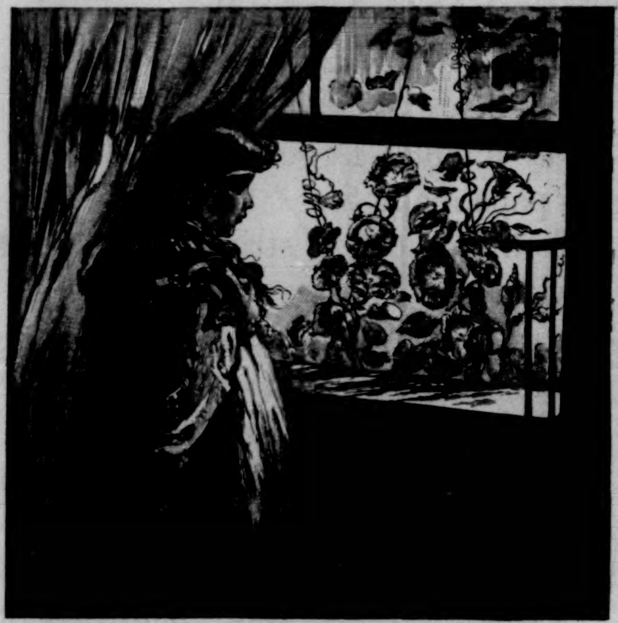




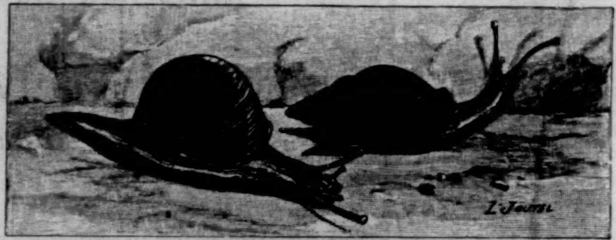




house. When the vines were ready to climb, we gave each of them a string reaching to the top of the window. Soon we had pretty blue and white trumpet-like flowers looking in at us every morning.



9. The girls and boys were sorry that the flowers did not stay open all day; but every morning when we went to school there were



The first striking characteristic is the large amount of reading matter in each lesson, with a small number of different words. "Learn to read by reading" is evidently one thought of the author. . . . The author has subordinated everything to the end of teaching children to read. What does not bear directly upon that is omitted. Every teacher who is contemplating a change of readers should examine these new books.—GEORGE P. BROWN, in the *Illinois School Journal.*

HARPER'S SECOND READER.

IN the Second Reader the reading lessons increase in interest as well as in difficulty. The stories, while childlike, are not childish; although adapted to the understanding of young readers, they possess a genuine literary merit not usually found in selections for books of this kind. The poems have been chosen with the greatest care, and are such as cannot fail to cultivate a taste for that which is best and most beautiful in literature. All the selections are bright and fresh, and of such a character as to interest the pupil in the healthful, cheerful aspects of nature and of child life, while at the same time leading him to a knowledge of words and the best forms of expression. The illustrations are the work of the best artists in America, and have never been excelled in any school-book.

UNPARALLELED SUCCESS.

HARPER'S Readers, although issued since the opening of the present school year, have already been adopted for use in the public schools of the State of South Carolina, New York city, Philadelphia, Quincy, Mass., Ithaca, N. Y., Jackson, Mich., Elgin, Ill., Fremont, Neb., Mason City, Iowa, Glens Falls, N. Y., East Orange, N. J., North Easton, Mass., Monmouth, Ill., Valley Falls, Kan., Englewood, Ill., Leominster, Mass., and many other towns, besides hundreds of country districts, eighteen counties in Michigan, nine counties in Nebraska, and five counties in Illinois.

"*They excel all others.*"

For the gradual introduction of new words and their frequent review in new relations; for the large amount of well-selected, well-graded reading matter with the small number of new words, we found that Harper's First and Second Readers excel all others examined. For artistic merit, mechanical execution, durability and cheapness, this series has no equal. Every really good feature found in any other series is embodied in Harper's.—H. F. DERR, Superintendent of Public Schools, Elgin, Ill.

EYES OF A FLY.

I find your Readers full of excellent reading matter, well graded, and every way attractive.—C. W. MOORE, Principal Central Academy, Central, S. C.

two dogs ran off together, as happy as dogs could be.

NEW WORDS.

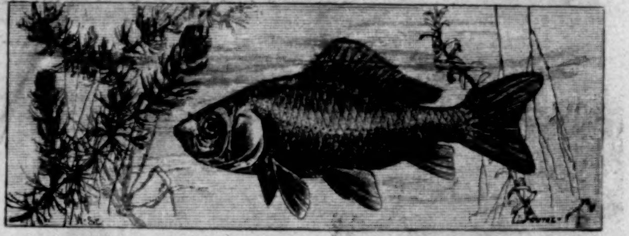
ties
rope
short
untied
teeth
often
kept
friendly

LESSON VI.

THE BOY AND THE STAR.

1. There was once a little boy whose name was Arthur. If he had been a bigger boy he would have known much more. But he was only four years old.

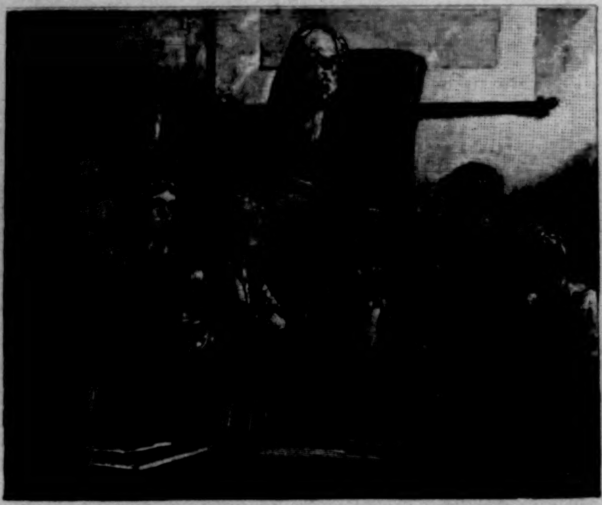
2. "I would like to have a star all for my



There can be no risk in prophesying that this series of Readers will speedily find a high place in the favor of both teachers and pupils. They have been a long time in course of preparation, and throughout they show most excellent taste and substantial merit. Considering the quality of the books and the amount of matter contained, the lowness of their price is simply marvellous. —E. O. VAILE, in *Intelligence.*

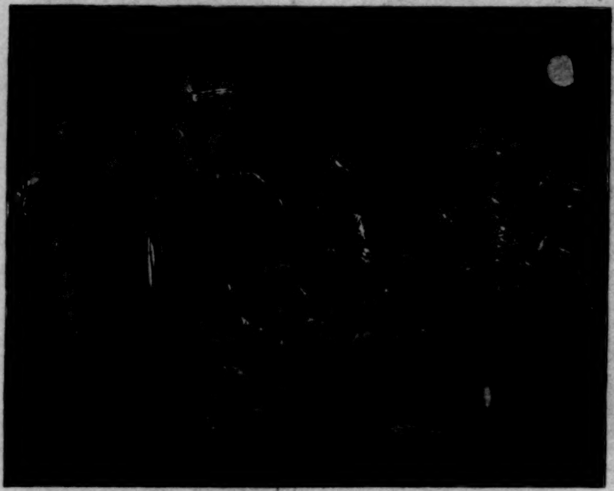
110 *THIRD READER.*

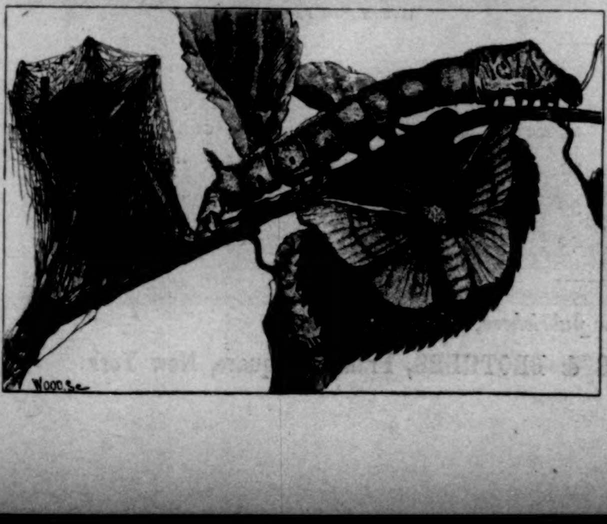
9. "Oh, master," cried Carl, "I was looking for something bright when I came upon this poor dove. Some cruel boys were throwing stones at it, and I caught it up quickly and ran here. Oh, I am afraid it will die!"



Even as he spoke the dove closed its soft eyes; it nestled closer to Carl's neck, dropped its little head, and died.

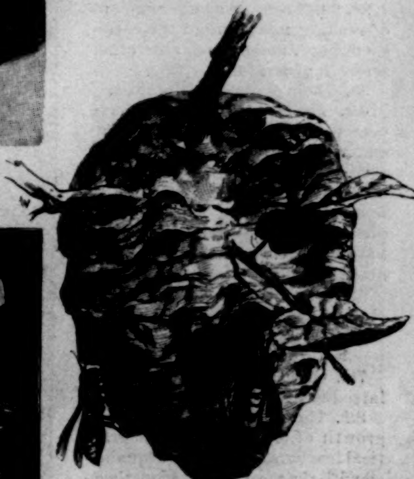
10. Carl sank upon his knees beside the master's desk, and from his eyes there fell upon the poor dove's broken wing two tears, large and bright.





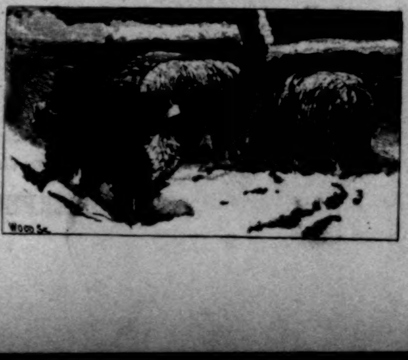
HARPER'S THIRD READER.

EASY lessons in natural science and like subjects, begun in the Second Reader, are continued in the Third. The studies of animals and plants are so presented as to awaken inquiry and lead to further reading and research. In this book there is a regular recurrence of (1) interesting stories, (2) poems, (3) lessons teaching moral truths, and (4) useful-knowledge lessons embracing a great variety of subjects. The selections, as in the Second Reader, possess a high order of literary merit, and will be read and re-read for their charming interest. The illustrations are finished works of art, and have an educational value aside from their merit as mere pictures. The definition as well as the pronunciation of every new word in the book is given in a carefully arranged vocabulary at the end.



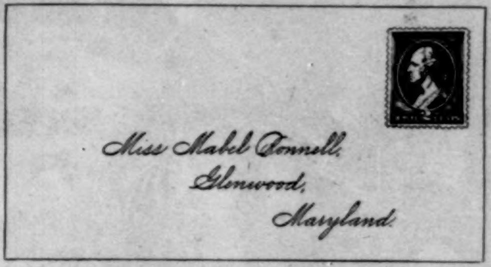
HORNETS' NEST.

Harper's New Readers combine merit with cheapness, and possess a complete course for country schools in a four-book series, thus reducing the number of books for our people to purchase, and greatly aiding the efficiency of school-room work by reducing the number of recitations.—A. E. DENSMORE, Secretary County Schools, Leelanaw County, Michigan.

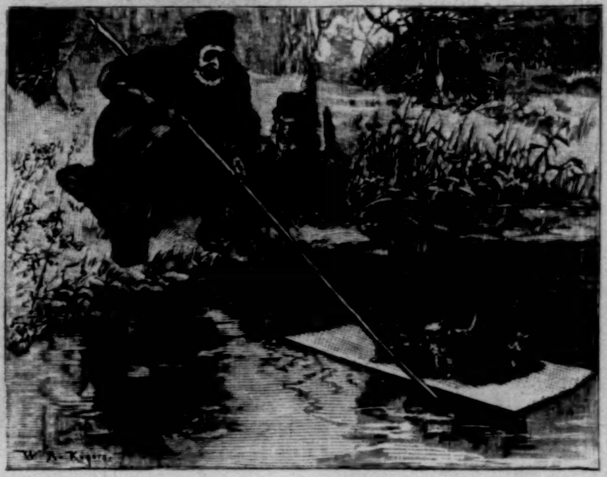


THIRD READER. 179

10. "What is the use of being troubled about such things?" asked a little white envelope, lying all by itself in a box above. "Just look at my back and you will see how little Ella addresses her letters when she answers her cousin. It is only a matter of taste, after all."



11. "But the worst that can happen to one of us is to be sent to the wrong place," said a gray envelope, all covered with post-marks. "I ought to have gone to Benton, Mo., but they carelessly sent me to Boston, Mass. There I lay for six days without being called for, and without any one finding out the mistake; and now I am back to the place from which I started. If writers and readers were only more careful, how much trouble would be avoided!"

12. "You're better off than I am," said a postal card in the drop-box. "They forgot to put any